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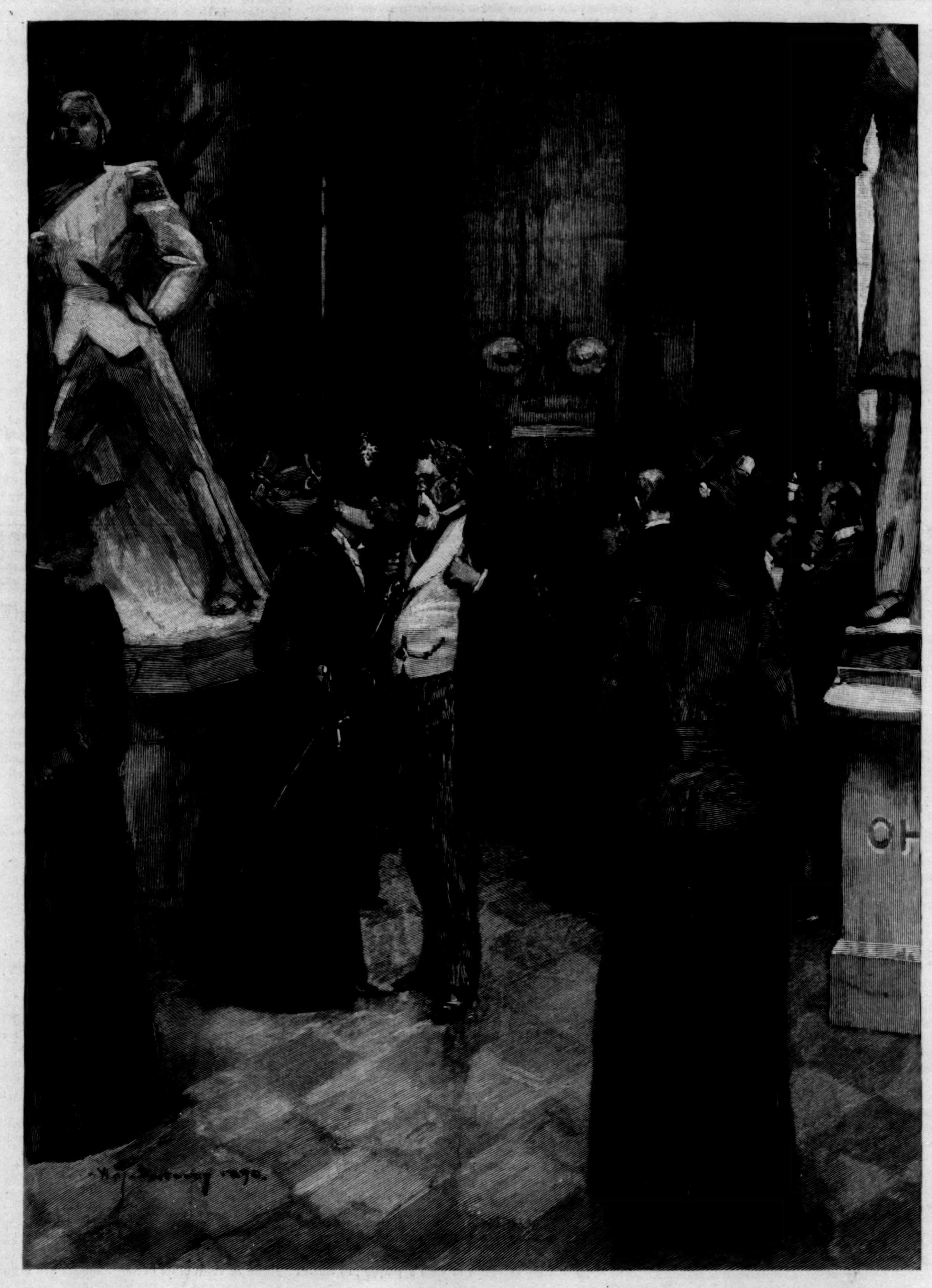

THE LADIES' RECEPTION-ROOM, STATUARY HALL, IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 834.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE REAL ISSUES.

THE elections of the autumn in which there is the least party politics are by far the most interesting. In South Carolina it is not Democrat against Republican, but Haskellites against Tillmanites, both of which are Democratic bodies, but the former promises fairer play to the colored voter. The contest illustrates the solution of the negro suffrage problem, which is found in its division with the natural division of the white vote. The solution lies in the fact that a division of the white vote makes it the interest of both sides that the colored vote shall be cast and counted, a result which breaks the political color line. If the Haskellites should prevail by the aid of a large colored vote in South Carolina, it would be the beginning probably of a revival of the colored vote. In Pennsylvania it is not a question of Republican against Democrat, or of protection against tariff reform, but of simple official honesty against official corruption and rascality. This is not to say that there are no Democratic rascals, but that the Democratic party has not nominated one of them, nor selected the most conspicuous one in the State for the chief leadership of the party.

There is no blinking the glaring issue in Pennsylvania. A vote for the Republican candidate means that the voter believes him and his master to be honest public officers, or that although they may be rascals, they are no worse than Democrats. The first opinion would undoubtedly justify the vote of any Republican. But the last is a mere sophism. **QUAY** and **DELAMATER** may be no worse than some Democrats, but that is not a valid plea for preferring them to an acknowledged honest Democrat when the choice is simply between honesty and dishonesty. It is not necessary for an honest Republican to vote for a Republican Governor in order to secure a Republican protectionist Representative in Congress. He can vote both for protection and for honesty, and is not compelled to choose between them. Republican success in Pennsylvania would be a deliberate approval of **QUAY**, either as a public officer or as a citizen disdaining the most damaging accusations responsibly made by a great body of his most respectable and trusted fellow-partisans, and ought to hasten the downfall of a party which accepts such leadership.

The other interesting election is that in the city of New York, where Tammany Hall, a conspiracy of robbers, as it has been called by an eminent Democrat, is contesting the Mayoralty with a union of honest citizens of all parties. The Tammany candidate is notoriously the mere instrument of the conspiracy. If any intelligent man should allege that the purpose of Tammany is the honest government of the city, he would be laughed to scorn. But the assertion that honest government would be the result of the success of the opposition to Tammany is incontestable. Even if it be conceded that the County Democrats and the Republicans have combined as such, and not as non-partisans, yet the election of Mr. **SCOTT** would give the powers of the Mayor to a man who would exercise them in deference to the best sentiment of the city, to which he would owe his election. There are, indeed, Tammany Republicans who tried to defeat the combination, and who will try to defeat the citizens' ticket in order to secure the success of Tammany. But they have been taken into the account. It is these bargains with Tammany which have given it victory in the past. The question of this city election is whether, upon a full understanding of the situation and under the most promising auspices, New York is able to emancipate itself from the hands of **TWEED**'s successors. That is a very much more important question than a high or low tariff. The victory of Tammany in New York, and of **QUAY** in Pennsylvania, would be a result of which honest men and patriots would be ashamed, and it would reveal more plainly the most serious danger that confronts us.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

A VERY important and interesting opinion has just been unanimously handed down by the Court of Appeals, the highest legal tribunal in the State of New York. Since the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States maintaining the constitutionality of the law prohibiting certain employés of the government from asking, giving to, or receiving from other employés money for political purposes, there has been no more significant decision than this in New York. It affirms, first, the constitutionality of the law; second, that no person receiving an office in defiance of the law can collect any compensation; third, that the Mayor of a city may incur reasonable expenses necessary to carry out the law, and that the amount may be recovered from the city, whether an appropriation has been made for it or not. It is a signal victory for reform. The case appealed was that of **SHERMAN S. ROGERS**, the President of the Buffalo Civil Service Reform Association, against the city of Buffalo and **DIEBOLD**, and the opinion sustains the view of the association, that the civil service law applies to all the offices of a city government excepting those specially exempted.

The action was brought to test the validity of the appointment of street and health inspectors in total disregard and defiance of the civil service law. It asked an injunction to restrain persons so appointed from drawing pay, on the ground that they held office illegally. A temporary injunction was granted by Justice **DANIELS**. The injunction was continued after hearing by Justice **LEWIS**, and then affirmed by the General Term. It has now been affirmed by the Court of Appeals. The opinion, written by Judge **PECKHAM**, is very full and exhaustive, and is much longer than the usual opinions of the Court. It states, with great force and lucidity, the condition of the public service arising from "the semi-barbarous maxim" that to the victors belong the spoils. The consequences resulting from such a view and practice are admirably stated, and with a glow of conviction which is inspiring.

> "No one can believe that such a system was calculated to produce a service fit for the only purpose for which offices are created, namely, the discharge of duties necessary to be performed in order that the public business may be properly and efficiently transacted. The continuous and systematic filling of all the offices of a great and industrious nation by such means became conclusive proof in the minds of many intelligent and influential men that the nation itself had not in such matters emerged from the semi-barbarous state, and that it had failed to obtain the full benefits arising from an advanced and refined civilization."

The vigorous and effective way in which these views and conclusions are stated shows how fully the Court agrees with them, so that the opinion, although strictly judicial, becomes one of the most effective and weighty pleas for reform.

Having described the precise situation which the civil service acts are designed to remedy, the opinion proceeds to consider the plea that the provision requiring that not more than two of the Civil Service Commissioners shall be of one party is unconstitutional, because every citizen is constitutionally eligible to office unless specifically excepted. The court holds that this plea is unfounded.

> "The purpose of the provision is, of course, plain. It seeks to secure the appointment of persons who are not all of the same political views, and thus to provide for a representation in the body so appointed of different and probably conflicting interests in the State. We cannot believe that the section in question does or was intended to operate so as to prevent the execution of such a purpose, so carried out....
>
> "The purpose of the statute must be looked at, and the practical results flowing from its enforcement. If it be obvious that its purpose is not to arbitrarily exclude any citizen of the State, but to provide that there shall be more than one party or interest to represent it, and if its provisions are apt for such purpose, it will be difficult to say what constitutional provision is violated, or wherein its spirit is set at naught."

This settles the constitutionality of all similar provisions in other laws. Other contentions of the invalidity of the civil service law receive in the opinion the same incisive and conclusive treatment. Every friend of the law and of its object must feel as he reads the decision the great debt of the cause of reform to the Buffalo Association and its able and accomplished President. They have accepted the challenge of the spoilsmen at every point. They have refused to be bullied, or tired out, or sophisticated, or deceived, but have held the law-breakers and the enemies of reform firmly and closely to the point, beating them in law and in morals, in patriotism and common-sense, until their public-spirited and truly American contest in the interest of the equal rights of all the people against the privilege of a squad of politicians has been crowned with triumphant success.

SOME RESULTS OF THE TARIFF.

WHEN a dealer recently raised the price of an article on which the tariff had lowered the duty, he was assailed for wanton extortion. But his reply was conclusive. "It is true that the duty is not raised upon the wares that I sell, but it is raised upon things that I must buy for my family, and I can afford to pay higher prices only by asking higher prices." It is from the fact that the higher price of a necessary carries up the general rate of prices that Mr. **CARLISLE** draws the conclusion that all products, except those that we raise in excess of the domestic demand, like agricultural products, will rise in price, and consequently the burden of the tariff will fall on farmers, wage-earners, and salaried men and women.

No protected interest doubts that it will profit by the raised rates of the tariff. It is equally undeniable, as already appears, that prices will be generally increased. But how is the tariff to raise the wages of those who must pay the increased prices? Will the interests which are to profit most largely raise the wages of their workers? or are their workers to get their share of profit by reflecting that except for the tariff they might be receiving the pauper wages of Europe? If that be a sound argument, it was as sound last month before the tariff became law. But if the tariff be their protection against low wages, how is it that this month the higher tariff lowers wages by heightening the price of necessaries? Unless wages are raised, where is the advantage of wage-earners in the higher tariff, and how can it be truly said to be passed in their interest?

It may be answered that the price of labor is determined not by the profits of employers, but by supply and demand, and that the tariff, by fostering new industries, increases the demand for labor. It is in this way that the tariff is defended as the protector of the American laborer. But how does it protect him if the pauper laborer, whose products the tariff excludes, is admitted free to compete with the American laborer in supplying the increased demand occasioned by the tariff? Who have imported pauper foreign laborers except those who have insisted that the products of pauper foreign labor shall be excluded? The great body of such laborers are ignorant, demoralizing, and dangerous persons of wholly foreign races. They are brought here because they will work more cheaply, and they are brought by those who demand a high tariff to insure high wages for the happy American laborer. Are the employers who fill their works with such imported laborers more deeply interested than other Americans in the welfare of American laborers? This degradation of American citizenship is a direct result of the high tariff.

THE ERIE RAILROAD'S REPLY.

THE recent reply of the Erie Railroad Company to a proposition of the employés of the road, embracing eighty-three distinct articles, is an admirable illustration of the way in which such requests should be met. The reply does not assume that the question is one in which the public is uninterested. On the contrary, and justly, the public interest is taken for granted, and the appeal is really made to the public judgment. When railroad controversies arise which may involve not only the continuous transaction of business and postal communication, but the daily food supply of the community, the public interest is first and paramount, and the best diplomacy is entire publicity. Then, if the difference is pushed to a strike or to any extremity, public opinion becomes the most powerful element in the controversy. The Erie company received and considered the requests made in the name of the employés, and answered them quickly, fully, and conclusively. Many of the points of the requests are argued with an ability and fairness which must satisfy the body of the employés.

Thus, one of the requests was for increased pay.

The company says that its earnings per ton per mile, in common with those of all other companies, have steadily decreased. Other companies pay no higher wages, and the employés do not allege that the Erie company, with due regard to its duties to the public and to the holders of its securities, can afford to pay a higher rate. After the receipt of the requests, the company made a careful comparison, and it appears that generally the rates of its payment are higher than those of other neighboring and competing lines. Where the rate is lower, the superintendent has been directed to equalize it. The company adds that compliance with the demand would increase the annual pay-roll by $1,034,000, a sum which it cannot afford, and the increase is impracticable. The other requests are considered in the same equitable and frank manner, showing the most reasonable spirit, and justifying its conclusions to the public judgment.

If it should be said that the word of the company in such circumstances cannot be trusted, the reply is that if the accusation of bad faith be well-founded, it is a conclusive argument against the making of such demands by the employés. If the word of the company cannot be trusted, why should it be asked for? It is the only security that the demand requires, yet it is by this accusation admitted to be worthless. To say that the company cannot be trusted is to admit that POWDERLY'S assumption of a state of war between the company and the employés is correct. But if it be correct, it is absurd to argue. War is the end of argument. Let the demand be made, and if refused, enforced. The Erie company seems to us to have chosen a wiser way. It assumes the good faith of the employés, and listening to their application, it states at length and in detail where compliance is practicable, and where it is not. If the employés are asking for some other purpose than appears, and are really in league to strike the company effectively at a moment when it is defenceless, the company has undoubtedly wasted its time. But no body of honorable employers or employés can harm itself in the opinion of honorable men by taking the course which the Erie company has taken.

PUBLIC EDUCATION AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AT the reopening of the academic year at Clark University, in Worcester, Massachusetts, President STANLEY HALL made an exceedingly interesting address upon the system of education in Germany. In that country Dr. HALL has studied the system long and carefully, and there is probably no man in this country better fitted to speak of it. He admires it greatly for its comprehensiveness, completeness, thorough organization, and energy, and he regards it as the apex of our educational system. But while he thinks that we have very much to learn from it, he would not see it adopted by us as a whole. Its centralization makes it impossible here. But the one great truth which the German system should impress upon us is that the source of vitality in an educational system is at the top, not at the bottom. Among the interesting and suggestive facts mentioned by Dr. HALL is the absolute requirement in Germany that every parent must send his child to school from the age of six to fourteen, or be held an enemy of the state. He might almost as well refuse to pay taxes or to fight an invading foe. So complete is the attendance at school that in 1888 of about five millions of German children only 5145 were absent from school without cause. In Berlin in the same year only fourteen boys and one girl of school age evaded the law. This strict obedience was secured, however, that year by fining 1020 parents and arresting 1088.

In this country twenty-one States have no compulsory law, and where there is such a law it is seldom enforced. In New York Superintendent DRAPER has forcibly urged its enforcement; but it is the master's ferule, not the law, that the New York truant fears. When the law is feared, the schooling will be very much more general and efficient. But so long as the schools do not furnish adequate accommodation for the children, a compulsory law is absurd. Again, in Germany illiteracy is practically extinguished. In the United States, ten years ago, at the last census, 11 per cent. of the entire adult population could not read or write, and this was true of nearly one-fourth of the voters in the Southern States, and the percentage had increased in the preceding decade since 1870. The efficiency of any system of education depends upon the teachers. In 1886 only nine of our States reported upon the training of teachers, and in these States only one teacher in seventeen was a normal-school graduate—that is, especially trained for teaching—and one-fourth of all our teachers leave the schools every year. In Germany, on the other hand, every teacher, even of the lowest grades, must have had three and sometimes four years' professional normal training, and at least one or two years of trial or practice. Again, the text-books are prepared by central authority, and the result, even with all disadvantages, is very happy, bringing all the schools to a common standard of excellence and proficiency.

The details of the relation of education to the military and civil career in Germany as stated by President HALL are very interesting and suggestive, and the effect of general education upon the parliamentary debates is striking. Dr. HALL says that he once listened to a prolonged and able discussion in the German Parliament as to whether a man should study Greek to become an architect. In the Parliament also such questions are debated as how much Roman law should be required of lawyers, how much comparative religion and historical philosophy for clergymen, how much physics and botany for doctors, and whether biology should be taught on an evolutionary basis, and whether, as the Emperor now suggests, the school system should be modified to lay greater stress on physical education and the study of the mother-tongue and its literature. The answer to the question whether this system is not excessive and foolish, tending to make a nation of pedagogues, is found, according to Dr. HALL, in the fact that Germany is the most effectively governed of nations, and its military power stronger than any since that of ancient Rome. Her educational system largely fashions that of continental Europe. Her scholarship in almost every branch leads the world and attracts scholars from every land, and her conquests are now extending to the realms of industry and trade. It is very useful for us to know just what other great nations are doing in activities in which we are especially interested, and in that view President HALL'S address is a public service.

BLACK-MAILING.

THE law to regulate and improve the civil service of the United States provides "that no person in the public service is for that reason under any obligations to contribute to any political fund, or to render any political service, and that he will not be removed or otherwise prejudiced for refusing to do so." It further prohibits any Senator or Representative or other officer or employé of the United States from soliciting or receiving from any other such officer or employé any assessment, subscription, or contribution for political purposes, and it forbids any person whatever from asking or receiving such money in any building or office officially occupied by the United States.

The object of the law is to go to the extreme constitutional limit in preventing the mean and sneaking form of black-mail known as political assessments. Of this law the President has said, "The law should have the aid of a friendly interpretation, and be faithfully and vigorously enforced." In his inaugural address he said, "Heads of departments, bureaus, and all other public officers having any duty connected therewith will be expected to enforce the civil service law fully and without evasion." In his message of December 3, 1889, he said, "It will be my pleasure, as it is my duty, to see that the law is executed with firmness and impartiality."

Mr. WILLIAM HAHN, chairman of the Republican Committee of Ohio, was lately introduced at a meeting of the Ohio Republican Association in Washington by Chief Clerk CHILDS, of the Census Bureau, acting Superintendent of the Census, and Mr. HAHN urged the employés to violate the law by giving him money for the Ohio campaign, assuring them "that they need not be afraid of the civil service law, as they could find some means of evading it," and then pathetically enlarged upon "the dishonesty of the Democratic party in Ohio," a strain of remark which, from a man urging others to break a good law, must have been very edifying. The Republican employés in the national offices in Philadelphia have been assessed from two and a half to five per cent. of their salaries. This and Mr. HAHN'S performance are simply black-mailing. It is money extorted under fear of dismissal. It is an insolent violation of the law, and an open defiance of the President's pledge that the law should be interpreted in a friendly spirit and faithfully enforced. Meanwhile it is very sad, as Mr. HAHN remarks, to observe the dishonesty of the Democrats in Ohio.

THE IRISH APPEAL FOR AMERICAN AID.

THE disappearance of Messrs. DILLON and O'BRIEN, the Irish leaders, is evidently inexplicable and not satisfactory to their English political friends. It is not easy to understand it, because it is not clear what service they could render to their cause by escaping so great as by remaining for trial. They could not return without arrest and trial, and in that case they would have gained nothing in prestige either by capture or voluntary surrender. It is not to be supposed that they have left the country finally, and the whole incident is obscure.

Mr. T. J. GILL, one of their party, has arrived in advance of the Irish orators who are to appeal to this country, and explains the disappearance of Messrs. DILLON and O'BRIEN as the result of a decision of a conference of Irish leaders, who had discovered that the government intended to prolong the trial, thus diverting attention from the famine, and preventing an effectual appeal to the American people. The leaders were afraid that the general evictions and the famine in certain districts, and the prosecution of the chief nationalists, would break the spirit of the people and relax their devotion to the cause. It was indispensable, therefore, not to allow the protraction of the trial of DILLON and O'BRIEN to delay the appeal to America, as the collection of a considerable sum is necessary to support the evicted families until the election, when victory is sure, if the people can be helped to hold out.

This Mr. GILL explains to be co-operation and not charity. He says that "the appeal to the American people will be made for the aid of the 'plan of campaign,' and no money will be asked for charity." But in this country the support of those who are unable to support themselves is called charity. An appeal for such succor is perfectly legitimate, but the appeal is not strengthened by calling it something else.

THOMAS HICKS.

THOMAS HICKS, the artist, who died a few days since at his summer residence at Trenton Falls, was for many years a familiar figure at the National Academy and the Century Club, but only those who knew him long and well know what sweetness and kindliness of nature, what high humor and gayety of heart and fidelity of friendship, are gone with him. He was one of the older academicians, and a distinguished portrait-painter, to whom many eminent persons have sat, and some of whose works were of the highest excellence. While he was a student in Rome he painted a cabinet portrait of MARGARET FULLER, who was greatly charmed by the young artist. The charm was perennial. A freshness of feeling that time could not wither kept his heart young, and the comrades of an earlier day, however separated by the chances of life, were never really parted from him, and always met him as of old, finding the same bright and unworn spirit, the same sympathy and affection. Whether it was the happiness and peace of his life that satisfied him, or the bent of his temperament that beguiled him, he seemed not to choose to do all that he might do, and so conveyed the impression of a reserved power which made intercourse with him still more delightful, and gives to his memory, as it gave to the man, a tender fascination.

PERSONAL.

THE retirement of Mr. JOSEPH PULITZER from the management of the *World*, on account of his health, is a sad result of a very great success. Mr. PULITZER is still a very young man—about forty-four years old—and until very recently has enjoyed great bodily vigor. His untiring energy and his devotion to the great property which he has built up are the causes of an illness which makes it absolutely necessary that he should retire for a time from participation in the business cares of his newspaper. There have been few more romantic careers than that of the man who thirty years ago landed in this country without a friend, or a dollar, or the ability to speak the language of the people among whom he found himself. In that time he has made for himself a reputation as a writer and speaker of English, he has been elected to Congress, and he is the proprietor of a newspaper from whose sales he has erected a building on the site of the hotel which refused him hospitality in the days of his poverty. This property, valued at more than $2,000,000, has been paid for from the profits of the *World* newspaper as the building has progressed. Mr. PULITZER is not blind. He has lost one eye, and the other is impaired. The chances are, however, that it will be saved. He expects to spend the winter in New York in absolute rest, knowing nothing of the cares of business, enjoying the pleasures and comforts of his beautiful home on Fifty-seventh Street. If he follows the programme laid out for him, his physicians promise him ultimate recovery.

—HENRY J. MACDONALD, of New York, the well-known financial writer, is an uncle of RUDYARD KIPLING. The celebrated English artists BURNE-JONES and POYNTER also hold the same relationship to the clever writer of East-Indian stories.

—Dr. JOHN A. WYETH, the distinguished New York surgeon, delivered the public address before the Mississippi Valley Medical Association at their last annual meeting, in Louisville, Kentucky.

—Miss LOUISE LAWSON, of this city, has been chosen to execute a statue of the late "Sunset" COX, the postman's friend.

—The death is announced of one of the best-known lecturers in England, J. E. THOROLD ROGERS, Professor of Political Economy at Oxford. His greatest work was his *History of Agriculture in England.*

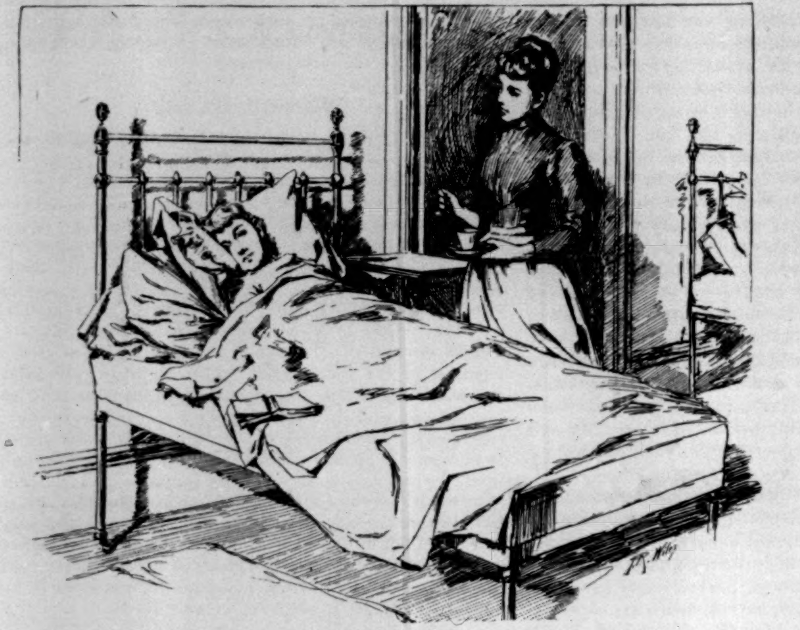
—The Princess VICTORIA of Prussia is patriotically encouraging national tastes and industries by having all her trousseau made in Germany, with the exception of four Oriental dresses. These were ordered for the Princess by the Empress FREDERICK, while in Athens, from the Greek School for Art Weaving.

—Book agents all over the country will resent the assertion of Judge HARMON YERKES, of Pennsylvania, that constables neglect their duty unless they throw book agents "heels over head out of the county, or run them in." An unusual influx of book peddlers into Bucks County, Pennsylvania, is the occasion of this outburst.

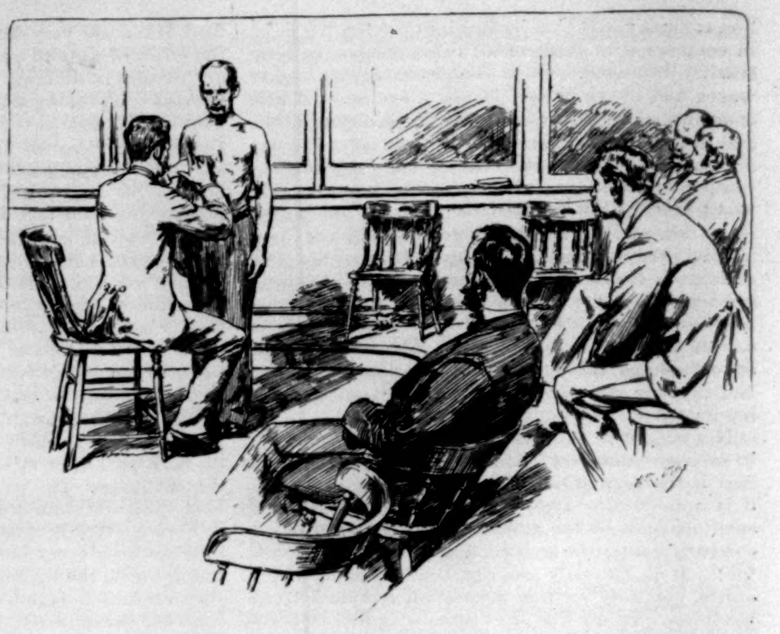
—The statement that R. D. BLACKMORE is better known among his neighbors at Ledington on the Thames as the fruitman than as the novelist, and that he is a successful market-gardener, explains the wonderful knowledge he displays in *Kit and Kitty* of the plagues and profits of a fruit-raiser's avocation. The pictures of CORNEY ORCHARDSON'S gardening experiences were evidently drawn from life and *con amore.*

—Mrs. M. E. W. SHERWOOD, the well-known society woman and author, is scoring a success by her lectures abroad no less than she has done in this city. Select audiences have heard her in various European cities, and she has been warmly received everywhere.

—By the death of Professor AUSTIN PHELPS, of Andover, departs the head of a remarkable literary family. Not only did Professor PHELPS'S reputation make him widely known, but in a day when there was one literary woman where are found one hundred now, Mrs. PHELPS'S *Peep at Number Five* and other home books were generally and eagerly read, while the literary claims of ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD and of the late Professor MOSES STUART PHELPS are too well known to need recapitulation. Professor PHELPS was Bartlett Professor of Sacred Rhetoric at the Andover Theological Seminary for thirty-one years, and was then retired as Professor Emeritus. He was also President of the Seminary for some years. He was associated with Professor PARK and Dr. LOWELL MASON in the preparation of the well-known *Sabbath Hymn-Book*, and was the author of a number of published works.



IN THE HOSPITAL.



MAKING A DIAGNOSIS IN A CASE OF DISEASE OF THE LUNGS.

THE POLYCLINIC SYSTEM.

The opinion is gaining ground that in the education of the doctor not only should a great deal of attention be paid to preliminary education, but that after a thorough didactic or theoretical drilling in a medical college for undergraduates, a clinical or bedside training is essential before embarking in practice.

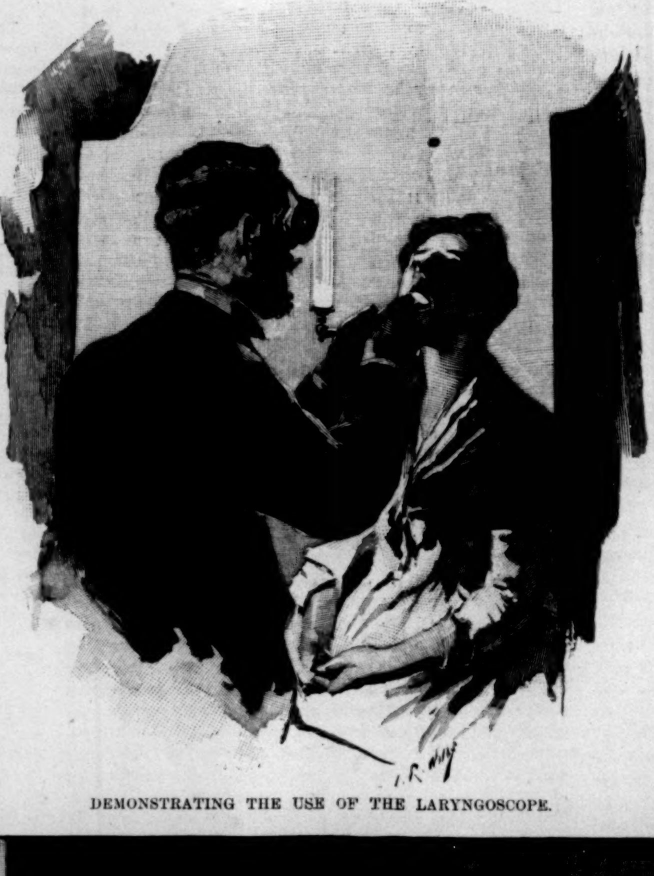
Thus, in New York city, the College of Physicians and Surgeons (the Medical Department of Columbia College) several years ago advanced the standard by requiring an academic degree from some reputable literary college, or an equally thorough knowledge of the branches included in the ordinary college curriculum, as shown by preliminary examination, before allowing a student to matriculate. This excellent school also required attendance upon three annual courses of lectures before graduation. In evidence of a healthy public sentiment in this regard, it is gratifying to note that since the institution of this advance the number of applicants for admission has been greatly increased, and the classes are larger than ever in the history of this school. In like manner the Bellevue Hospital Medical College and the University Medical College, as noted in the *Medical Record* of recent date, have also determined upon adopting the three lecture years graded course. Moreover, by legislative enactment a preliminary examination is now necessitated; all of which gives cause for general congratulation.

In a recent address before one of the largest medical associations in the United States, the speaker argued that the medical student's work should begin with his academic life; that the selection of a career in medicine being determined upon, attention should be given to the cultivation of the mind in the study of Latin, Greek, German, French, physics, etc., to the exclusion of the higher mathematics. Every one admits that a knowledge of Latin is essential to intelligent medical training, and when one is reminded that practically one-half the words in Dunglison's *Medical Dictionary* are of Greek origin, it is not difficult to become convinced that this *dead* language is equally essential. As far as medicine is concerned, nothing can be more deplorable than the decline of Greek in the classical curriculum. In Hungary, according to a recent letter in the New York *Times*, it has been abolished, while in Italy it is treated as an optional aid to philology. The importance of German and French may be appreciated when it is estimated that about one-half of current medical literature appears in these languages. It was also insisted upon that the training in the undergraduate medical colleges should be essentially didactic or theoretical, grounding the student thoroughly in the science of his profession, leaving the practical training for post-graduate work.

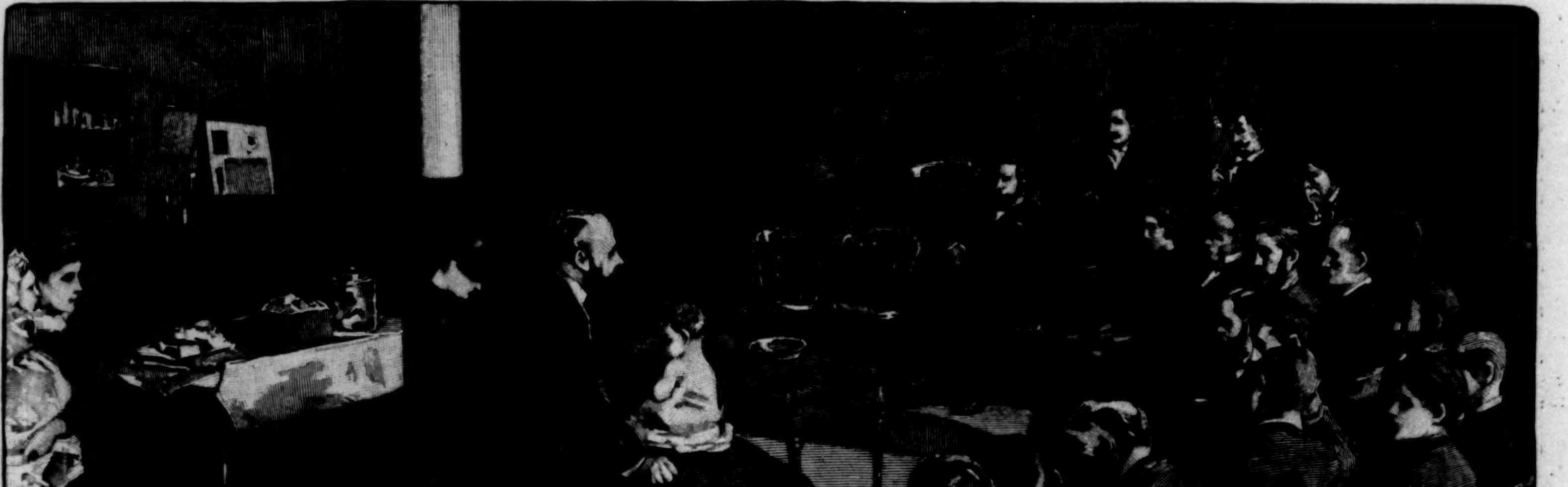
In the acquirement of a practical training in medicine and surgery, three ways are open, and in order of preference they are: 1. Service as *interne* for a term of two years in a general hospital. 2. Service in a polyclinic school where all the departments of practical medicine are taught by teachers especially trained in their respective branches. 3. As assistant to one or more well-qualified general practitioners. To this last method there are so many objections that very few attempt to acquire clinical experience in this way.

The first method is almost ideal. Among the many excellent hospitals in New York city, take, for example, the Mount Sinai Hospital, which for the care bestowed upon its sick and injured inmates, the liberality of expenditure on the part of its managers, and the benefit to humanity by reason of the splendid opportunities given to physicians to make themselves proficient in practical medicine and surgery, is not surpassed by any similar institution.

It has a general surgical and a general medical service, and special services in the departments

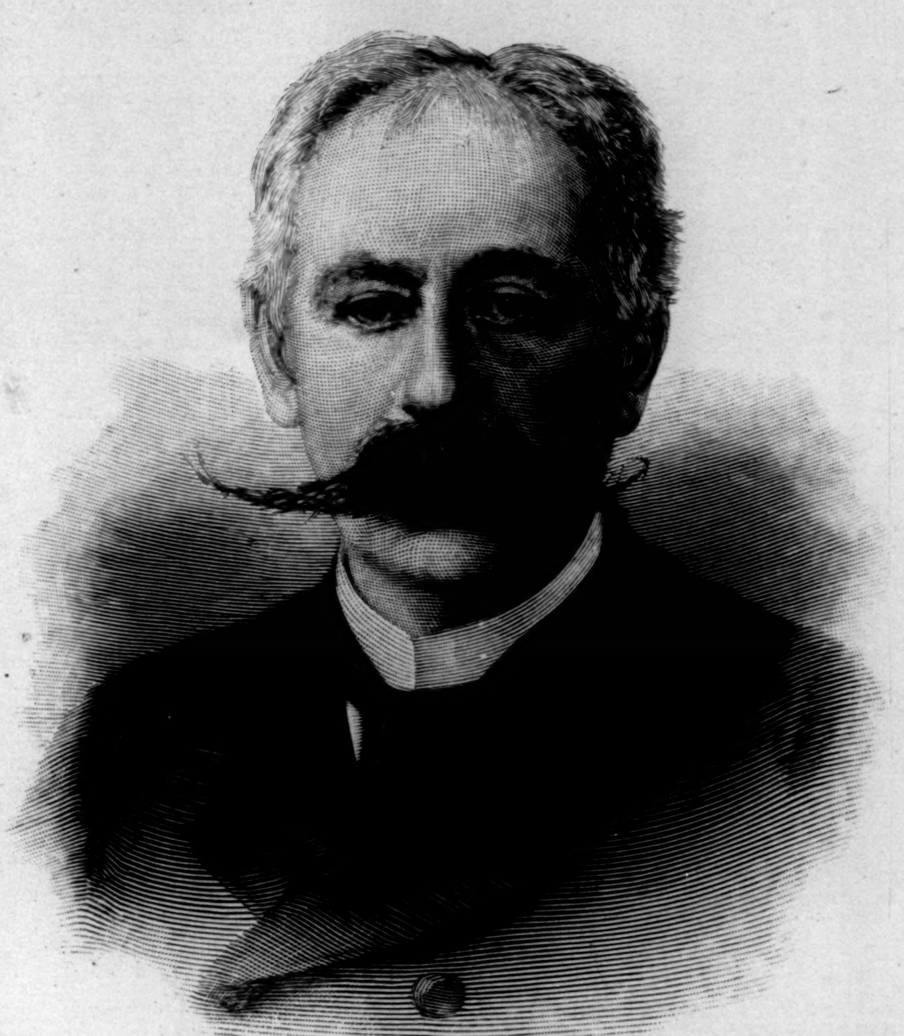


DEMONSTRATING THE USE OF THE LARYNGOSCOPE.



ONE OF THE SECTIONS IN SURGERY—A CASE OF SPINAL CURVATURE.

SKETCHES FROM THE NEW YORK POLYCLINIC SCHOOL OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.—Drawn by Irving R. Wiles.



BARON MORRIS DE HIRSCH DE GEREUTH, THE GREAT HEBREW CAPITALIST AND PHILANTHROPIST.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

of the eye and ear, gynecology, and diseases of children. The house staff consists of eight young graduates selected by competitive examination, there being two vacancies every six months. Each man serves for two years, and resides in the hospital. Upon entering he may assert his preference for the medical or surgical side. If he chooses surgery, he is compelled to work the first six months on the medical side, leaving eighteen months for surgery. Day in and day out for two years he moves and labors in an atmosphere of practical medicine and surgery, and on leaving the hospital to engage in active work he is equipped with an experience equal at least to that obtained in ten years of ordinary practice.

The only objection to this ideal training is that there are not enough places. Probably not more than one out of every ten graduates can obtain a position as *interne*, and it was as a substitute for this method of training that led to the establishment in this city of two institutions for the more thorough practical and clinical training of those who have graduated in and have had more or less experience as practitioners of medicine and surgery. Both of these schools were opened in 1882. The classes have steadily increased in each, until now between eight and nine hundred physicians from all parts of the civilized world are attracted annually to New York to study in these institutions.

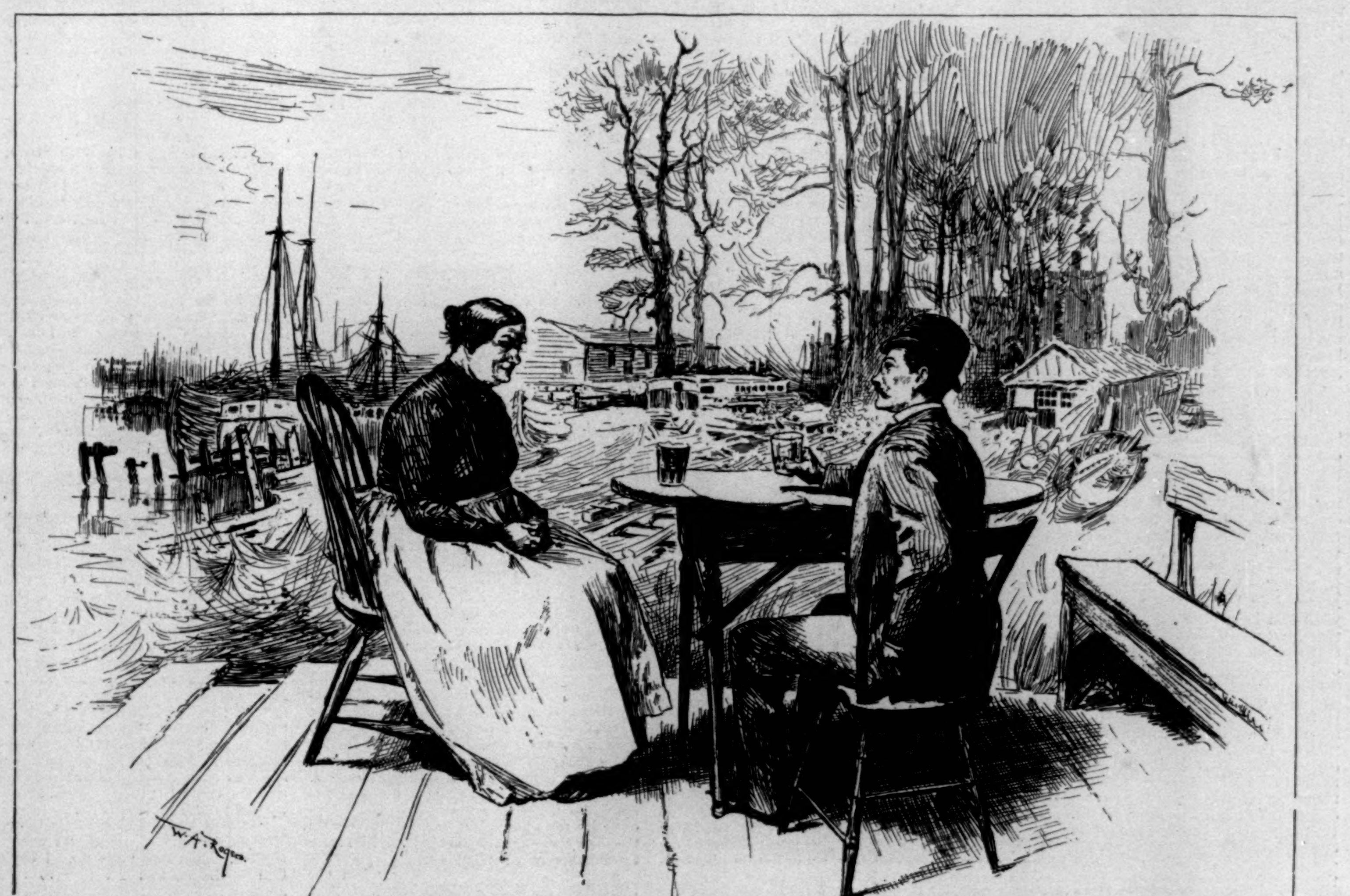
The plan of work is entirely practical, so that the physician in active practice who cannot have the opportunities to keep himself thoroughly posted in the latest advances in his profession can come to New York and find all possible facilities for acquiring practical personal knowledge of all that is new and useful in medicine and the allied sciences.

Laboratories fully equipped with all the apparatus needed in the study of bacteriology, pathology, and physiological chemistry are at his command, and night or day, as convenient to him, he finds an instructor ready to aid him in his investigations. In practical work among the diseased and injured there is a clinic in one or more of the branches of medicine every hour of the day from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M., and special scientific laboratory studies from seven until ten at night. In this way a practitioner who is industrious and observing can, in six or eight weeks of clinical work, post himself well in much that is useful and new in his profession and of great benefit to his patients. Moreover, he thus becomes a scientific missionary, since, returning to his associates less fortunate than himself, they in turn gather from his practice the improvements in method.

The sketches presented in this issue were made by our artist in the hospital wards, lecture-rooms, and laboratories of the New York Polyclinic, at 214 East Thirty-fourth Street.

BARON DE HIRSCH.

SOMEWHAT low in the plane of human inquiry is that curiosity which refuses to be satisfied unless the exact tabulation of a man's possessions is presented, and yet an inevitable question comes to the front and insists on an answer, Whence has come any vast accumulation of private means? Millions may have been basely acquired; then the dross in the individual tarnishes the gold he handles. But if money has been legitimately earned, and in quantity beyond personal requirements, how may a man best share with those who need it his surplusage? While a man is alive, then is the time for him to help his fellows, "for he who gives quickly gives twice." If true happiness can come after the trials and anxieties a life devoted to business entails, it is when a man sees how by his own efforts others are benefited. Then is there real compensation. The noblest private benefaction known in America was the one provided by Peter Cooper, and carried out by him during his own lifetime. He lived long enough to be satisfied that his plans were good, and was assured that after his



THE ELYSIAN FIELDS OF TO-DAY.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 827.]

death approved methods of philanthropic work of his own devising would still be carried on. It is then wise, simply in a business sense, that the brain should control, at least for a while, what the hand gives.

The subject of this notice, whose portrait is given, the Baron Morris de Hirsch de Gereuth, was born in Bavaria some half-century ago. His father was a man of wealth, who for ability and services rendered the state was ennobled, and from the former Baron comes the title Morris de Hirsch bears. Many amusing stories are still rife among the Baron's coreligionists, the Jews, of his quickness in repartee. Originally a cattle merchant, he had showed great business ability. Once entering into conversation with the old King of Bavaria, his Majesty expressed his surprise at the Baron Hirsch's rapid summary of many important commercial subjects.

"How comes it," inquired the King, "that you are so apt? Your acquaintance with *la haute finance* is perfect. And how could you too have made so comfortable a fortune dealing in cattle?"

"Easily enough, your Majesty. I dealt in cattle, but with cattle."

That joke, not exactly flattering to the Bavarians, delighted the King.

After his father's death, the present Baron associated himself with the European banking house of Bischoffsheim & Goldsmidt. Early in life Baron de Hirsch struck out a path for himself, and was the first to plan that system of railways which stretches out from central Europe to the further East. He was the controlling spirit in that vast work, the road leading from Buda-Pesth, in Hungary, to Varna, on the Black Sea. This road, which has developed Austrian resources, required at its inception an enormous capital. Natural difficulties might have disappeared through engineering skill, but there were many obstructions arising from state jealousies. By dint of sheer will and financial capabilities of the highest order the Baron de Hirsch's plans were carried out, and after many years of anxious toil success came, and great wealth accrued to the originator of the road. No one in England impugns the high standing of the father of the present Lord Brassey, who was plain Thomas Brassey, and to whom an honorable fortune came in precisely the same way. Baron de Hirsch put his shoulder to the wheel, and did not cry to Hercules.

Having married Miss Bischoffsheim, a lady possessing in her own right large means, the Baron de Hirsch some years ago retired from business, but not to assume a life of elegant leisure. To-day this man and his wife have no other end in view than the prosecution of good works, for beyond such means as enables them to live, all the rest of their incomes serves for the alleviation of suffering mankind, without regard to creed.

With such extended views, Madame de Hirsch may be considered as her husband's first secretary, and so that a better understanding may be had of the onerous labors undertaken, an office has been established with a corps of clerks, who carry out the philanthropic plans devised by Baron de Hirsch. The work carried on by the Baron himself is immense. A thousand details have to be studied, and nice discriminations made, because to try and do good carelessly too often, paradoxical as it may seem, results in injury.

Throughout the East—in Egypt, and European and Asiatic Turkey—many schools—educational and industrial—have been founded and are maintained by the Baron de Hirsch. For instruction in Gallicia he has given 10,000,000 francs ($2,000,000). To Russia he made the munificent offer of $10,000,000 for public instruction, with this sole proviso, that no distinction should be made in the application of the funds as to race or religion. This merciful offer the Russian government declined. In Russia the question of inability to provide means for schools need not be mooted, but to refuse the offer shows insistence on the part of that government to keep the people in a state of ignorance.

Cases of kindness to the needy on the part of the Baron de Hirsch and his wife are as numberless as unrecorded; but they are satisfied that the relief of humanity is but half done, or badly done, when carried out by proxy. A man or a woman anxious to help unfortunate brothers and sisters must be in touch with them. They must see misery, know it, so that the proper remedy may be applied. Some one has written that when visiting the wretched, the true Samaritan must be endowed with what is "passionate patience." When last in Constantinople, Madame de Hirsch was not satisfied with what had been told her of the misery rife there, but she must needs see it herself, so that she might best judge what were remedial measures.

Soon after the Russian government had declined the offer Baron de Hirsch made it for the education of the Russians, his attention was directed toward the United States. In conversation with the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, then Minister of the United States to Turkey, Baron de Hirsch obtained the fullest information in regard to the actual condition of the Russian Jews coming to the United States. At once plans were developed for their relief. Through Mr. Straus, correspondence at once took place with gentlemen in New York who were familiar with existing conditions. A preliminary meeting was held in New York in July, 1889, a committee was formed, and a careful plan was submitted to the Baron de Hirsch, who accepted it, with the sole proviso that the Hon. Oscar S. Straus should form one of the members of the board.

To carry out his wishes, the Baron de Hirsch gives $240,000, and monthly payments of $10,000 have already been made, beginning with March of this year, so that within the two years the whole amount will be in hand. Now what are the plans proposed? Firstly, that in no way shall Russian emigration be encouraged, but, above all, that every effort is to be used to thoroughly Americanize the new-comers. The interest of the money is to serve for the education of the Hebrew emigrants. Boys and girls ignorant of our language are to be sent to schools until familiar with our vernacular, so that they may enter our own public schools, the committee being positive that such common schools are the best for the inculcation of true republican ideas. Young people are to be taught the use of tools, so that they may gain their own livelihood. Tuition fees are to be advanced for apprenticeship. Model farms are to be provided for the use of those who have been agriculturists. Co-operation is to be sought for with other centres of instruction and training in the United States. Always, most in evidence, this to be brought out, obedience to the laws of the country of their adoption, and familiarity with the great canon of the American Constitution, that in this republic there are no discriminations as to creed, but that all may worship their God as they please.

The following gentlemen now control the destinies of this measure of relief: Judge M. S. Isaacs is president, Jesse Seligman is treasurer, and Dr. Julius Goldman secretary. The Hon. A. S. Solomons, vice-president of the International Red Cross Society, is general agent. On the committees are the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, at the head of the Board of Education; Mr. James H. Hoffman, on the Industrial Committee, with Professor Seligman, Mr. Henry Rice, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, and Mr. A. C. Bernheim, with many others.

The Baron de Hirsch is a thoroughly accomplished man, speaking all languages; and Madame de Hirsch is as familiar with English as with French and German. Though living at present in Paris, it has become necessary for the Baron to be in a certain sense ubiquitous, and so the greater portion of the year is spent by him in various parts of Europe, where he can see for himself what may be the results he is endeavoring to attain. It is, then, not alone a question of providing the means, but of personal superintendence, which this man believes to be necessary for the benefiting of humanity. In his American work the Baron de Hirsch takes the keenest interest, and the hope is entertained that some time in 1891 he may pay a visit to the United States.

IRA'S FATHER.

COUNTRY premises speak strongly of their owners' tendencies. Marcus Winchester's barn was disproportionately large and good, and had a tin horse hoisted from the ridge-pole. Stampings and whinnyings were loud within, and the pleasant barn odor was all-pervading. A great bare horse-breaking ring usurped what might have been a grassy back yard, and the grass elsewhere was close-cropped. Bareness characterized the place, which lacked flower beds or any softening adornments. It suffered, in short, from an excess of horsy masculinity.

Outside the barn door Marcus was concluding a horse dicker, or what would have been a dicker had another man been the owner of the animal. Marcus, who was a large, florid, reddish-mustached man, with horsiness diffusing itself from him as agricultural habitude diffused itself from his customer, said, bluffly: "Give what you want to; she ain't good for nothing. I got her two years ago of Charley Mackin. Regular rackabones she was, and had a little spavin. I didn't give but $30 for her. Come to get her fed up, she's made a pretty good horse and fair traveller. But I rented her to Seely lately for a peddling trip, and he fairly spoilt her. Must have kept tickling her with the whip, the way fool drivers *do*, till now she don't budge till you lay it on with all your might. Homely as a hedge fence, and I guess she's twenty-three years old if she's a day. Give what you're a mind to."

The purchaser, with a grin for this unique candor, which if he had been blind would have informed him that Marcus Winchester was making the sale, yet, having examined the decent animal by means of circling inspections, gave the $30 Marcus had paid for her, and tied the old mare behind his gig, and drove off.

It was more like April than early winter. There was a warm wind, whose dampness foretold a rain, beneath which the dwindling remnants of snow would vanish. It lay in melting, dirty drifts here and there on grass of a vivid spring-like green. Some belated frogs were chirping somewhere near.

The largest drift was in the west corner of the front yard, and Ira was playing in it. His method was to scrape together a large pile of it, and then, backing to a considerable distance and returning at full speed, to plunge head-first into it, and by violent efforts of his small arms and legs, being flat on his stomach, to scatter it riotously in all directions. This he had been doing for an hour, and was not yet satisfied. He kept it up with the enjoying solemnity of childhood, content to play alone, because in the habit of it; when some boys passed on their way home from school, he paid no heed to them. Ira had not felt like going to school for several weeks, and had not gone, therefore.

It was five o'clock, and the fragrance of coffee was filling all the outside air. Ira's father shut the barn door and went in.

"Supper's ready now, Ira," he called.

There was in his tone an obvious effort at careless cheerfulness. Ira did not look around.

His house-keeper, a relative of the wife he had married at twenty-one and lost four years ago, was taking up the supper in the warm kitchen where the table stood. She looked harassed.

"Ira's been out there in the wet a good while, Marcus. He'll catch his death cold or have croup again," she said, and Marcus stepped to the front door. His head nearly grazed its top.

"Come in to your supper, Ira," he said, and went back and drank his coffee for a silent, strained five minutes. He and Mrs. Paynter avoided looking at each other. Then he stalked to the door again. "Ira," he called, sternly, "you come right in here this minute and get your supper."

Ira looked around. There was some passing wonder in his serious blue eyes, and there was a distant regret or commiseration. He by no means disliked his father; a certain quality of mildness and sweetness which won other people was plain enough to Ira's small perceptions. Turning back, he went on piling up his dirty snow. His father stood and looked at him, loath to go back to his supper.

"He hain't got his mittens on, has he?" said Mrs. Paynter, in the alarmed abstract contemplation which was their sole attitude toward Ira.

"No," said Marcus. He cleared his throat before adding, "He's got his coat off too."

But his voice was choked. The poor young father all at once sat down, and leaned his head in his hands. The lines of his comely face showed his disheartened depth of worriment. It was not for the first time. Totally helpless habit and his rough and busy out-door occupations combined to dull his affliction regarding Ira, but on such occasions as this he was wont to stare blankly at the past, and into the future fearfully.

He had wanted to do his duty by his motherless boy, for whom his love was strong, and had seen him growing more froward and more, till now the uttermost limit of his foregone weak defeat had long been reached. He had done for him, anxiously if awkwardly, all his yearning heart had been prolific in suggesting, and beheld him at eight years old with an established reputation for the worst child in town.

He comprehended that his own lacks were accountable. He was in some sort afraid of Ira, whose self-ownership had given him an uncanny oldness beyond his years; and he had been timorous where he should have been firm. A man of meaner parts, but ordinary self-assurance, might have made of Ira a good boy; Marcus had contributed to make him the worst. He was self-reproachful, but he was powerless. He knew it. He knew Ira would go on serenely in his habitual courses; would disregard all but his own wayward guidance; would go on sitting up nights to such hours as suited him, and eating when and what he wanted to, and going to school when he chose—which was seldom—and sometimes disappearing entirely for varying periods. And Marcus was helpless to do anything but to wonder dreadingly what it would come to. He felt sure to-night that Ira would either kill himself with his physical excesses or come to the gallows.

Ira remained in the yard, and at six o'clock his father, having done the barn chores, went out to him with a warm turnover. Ira, wet from head to foot, his pale hair lying damp on his heated face, took and silently ate it, sitting down in the snow.

"Ain't you coming in pretty soon, Ira?" said his father. He loomed against the fading sky, a powerful form standing helpless as a baby.

"Oh, I guess so," said Ira.

"Put your coat on. Ain't you cold?" his father implored.

"Nop," said Ira. He went on playing.

"Come in, Ira. I'll crack some butternuts and bring up some apples."

But Ira's tolerance was wearied. He made no reply to this, nor his father's further appeals.

Marcus turned away. He wavered in his course. Finally he went across lots to the nearest house. Until the past spring he had gone over to the Bartholomews' often and enjoyingly; of late he went seldom, and with painful trepidation. He was honest and single-minded; he worked his farm, and bought and sold horses and raised colts, and was used to dealing with material facts, and not with subtleties; and he had not yet tried to disentangle the matter. He knew that since Liza Bartholomew had come from Edgerton to help in her uncle's family he had felt foolish about going there, and all but scared.

He was ashamed of his present errand. He paused once or twice in his progress across the fields, hubbly and bare and blackened by recent bonfires, but pushed on till the early lamp-light shone out upon him from the Bartholomews' windows.

Against it Liza Bartholomew, when she opened the door, stood slimly outlined. And Marcus felt panic-stricken.

"I guess I won't come in," he said. "I wanted to ask your aunt what it was she told me to get if Ira had the croup again."

"Ipecac," said Mrs. Bartholomew, coming to the door with the ponderous slowness of an over-stout woman, and her husband followed. "Has he got it again?"

"No. Mrs. Paynter's afraid he'll have it. He's playing out in the snow." He would gladly have withheld the fact, had he known how to. He grew red.

"Can't you make him come in?" Mr. Bartholomew demanded, and gave a snort and a chuckle with masculine ruthlessness. "If you ain't the darndest!"

"Well, there, Samuel!" said his wife.

Marcus's florid face was aflame. Liza was looking at him with a quivering smile. Mr. Bartholomew chuckled on.

"Marcus," he said, "you want to git married. That's what's the matter, Marcus; that's what you need. Git married."

Marcus turned down the steps, almost gasping. Without having once looked fairly at Liza Bartholomew, he knew how her slender figure and her serious and sweetly moulded face had looked; he knew what dress she had on, and that she wore a ribbon round her neck, and the color of it. His heart thumped with his shamefaced fright; his lips parted as if for air. He found, coming to himself after a minute or two, that he was straggling in the wrong direction.

Three weeks later, Marcus, going in from the barn with a horse-collar that wanted tinkering, saw Liza Bartholomew coming into the yard through the turbulent snow-storm which was darkening the upper air and whitening the earth. He hurried in to meet her. The shawl pinned under her chin was heavy with flakes, and she took it off and flapped it over the door-step. Her cheeks were red from their sharp buffeting.

"Aunt Phœbe sent me up with this apple-sauce," she said; "we've been making some. We heard Mrs. Paynter had gone." She was embarrassed and awkward, but she seemed to have braced herself for the undertaking, and stood quietly.

"Sit down," said Marcus. "Why, yes; she's been gone two weeks. Her son's wife is sick, over to the Ridge, and he sent for her. She thought she'd come back, but I got a line from her yesterday, and she don't know *when* she can. Take a chair."

He put one forward. There was something beseeching in his voice and look, and she sat down.

She cast a startled glance around her. The surfaces of chair rungs and centre table and mantel-piece were lost in dust; the floor was dirty. All things were helter-skelter, and there were many articles foreign to a sitting-room—a peck basket, some tin dishes, a wooden bowl of red onions, a hand-saw. A fuchsia on the window-sill—which was lined with apple cores—was dead from want of water. There was no fire in the room, and a cold draught came from a wide-open back door; a sizzling sound in the kitchen was attended by a smell of burning grease, and the air was getting blue.

"So 't things ain't very comfortable here just now," said Marcus. He put down the horse-collar, and sat down with his hands on his knees.

Seeing all, the girl dropped her eyes in pretence of seeing nothing.

"I ain't makin' things go very well. I don't know nothing how. I hain't ever done anything but work around horses, and I'm making terrible work keeping house."

He aimed to speak lightly, and put on a smile to that end. But it was sickly. Marcus had a strip of red flannel on his neck, and his voice was hoarse. He had lost much of his ruddy color, and Liza could see that he was thinner.

"Are you sick?" she said.

"Well, I hain't been very well," Marcus admitted. He held her with a solemn look. His hitherto abashment was sunk in his misery. "I've got a cold. Well, I don't know—and I don't eat much. I don't know nothing about cooking, and I hain't got anything to taste fit to eat. I've pretty near give it up, and took to having what I can buy ready—crackers and dried beef, and such things. I can boil potatoes and eggs, and I do. I'm cooking some ham now."

They were coughing with the smudge of it, and Marcus went out and set the pan off. His visitor sat with her eyes on her lap.

"Ira," Marcus went on, his weak grin faltering, "don't stay to home much now. It ain't very comfortable here, and he don't like it. He sleeps here, and that's about all. I don't see him very much. I don't know where he is now. He don't like what I've had to eat, and he don't eat here hardly ever. He goes round among the neighbors, I s'pose; I don't know just where. I went over to the Dorrs', and offered to pay for what he's had there, but they wouldn't take anything. Has he been to your house much?" said Marcus.

"Yes; some," Liza answered. She could not meet his eyes, because a flood of tremulous feeling filled her. If there was aught that was ludicrous, it did not appeal to her; she was stirred with compassion. She felt that she could not safely speak, and she got up and pinned her shawl on.

"If he's been getting meals there," said Marcus, with grim patience, "I want to pay for 'em. That's all I *can* do. I can't keep him to home, and I'd like to settle up around."

Liza gave a quavering laugh, hurrying to the snowy door. "Why, we wouldn't take anything," she said, in a voice made sharp by her tremors.

He watched her from the door and a side window till her shape was lost in the thick storm. He had forgotten to say anything about the apple-sauce, and he suffered a dismayed pang. It was warm in its bowl, and he took it into the kitchen, and ate some and some crackers. It composed his dinner—the ham being burnt—but he could not eat much. He was suffering from the chills and fever attendant on a hard cold, and his sore throat ached. He made some attempt at putting the kitchen in order, clumsily travelling about; but his mind was distracted. He was worried about Ira. He had not seen him since morning, and the storm was heavy. He wondered where he was. Last week he had gone up to the pine woods, a mile away, where some men had been hauling logs. Marcus had heard of it afterward. He hoped he had not tried to go there to-day. He was used, however, to being worried about Ira, and waiting for time to relieve him. He washed his dishes, and mended the horse-collar in the cold sitting-room. His physical disorders amounted to light sickness. He felt weak, his head began to ache, and after a shivering aimless hour he brought out a quilt, and lay down on the lounge.

It was past four when he woke. He saw, going to the door, that but for a few drifting flakes the snow had ceased. It lay over a foot deep, a smooth stretch untouched, except where the trees had dropped some of their load. The evergreens were piled high with it, till the yard looked shadowy. It seemed that no sound could penetrate the muffled stillness. It was like Sunday, or as though the rest of the world was far off.

Ira had not been home. Marcus went through the house. There was no sign of him, and no tracks anywhere around the house. Standing in the back door and blankly staring, sickening fears began to rise in the father's heart. He could not formulate them, but he leaned in the doorway weakly. He did not know what he feared, but the snow was deep and the day was cold, and he had not seen Ira since morning. And Ira's ways were strange and erratic.

Had he gone up to the pine woods again? Marcus was held by the thought and numbed. He stepped into the snow; the drift at the door-step was up to his knees. He saw in mental vision the pine woods, snow-choked and dark, and he saw Ira there in a hundred pitiable plights. In his enfeebled state he could neither reason upon it nor control his nerves; he trembled with dark fears.

He went and got his hat and coat, and waded to the barn, forgetting to lock the house doors or shut them. The slant, low rays of the sun made the snowy expanse blinding, and he blinked and stumbled. He got his best horse into the cutter and ploughed out into the road, the bells spasmodically clashing, and the snow flying high from plunging hoofs and runners. He stopped at the Dorrs'; Ira had not been there that day. His father cracked the whip on the horse's flank with a hand that shook.

The roads were hard of passage, and it was getting dark when he came back. Ira had not been to the pine woods; the choppers had seen nothing of him. Marcus had desperately and doggedly stopped at every door: neither had anybody along the road. He had strained his eyes into the dusk and listened, stopping at every sound. Now and again he had got out and fumbled over an irregularity in the snow, his face white. He had lost all composure and all strength. He felt that the certainty of Ira's having perished was only a matter of a little time, but that he could not meet it.

He was almost home, and his teeth were chattering with the cold and with his weakness and terror. He was at the corner a few rods from which the Bartholomews lived. He turned that way, and leaving his horse at the gate, broke in at their door. Nobody was in the front room, and he strode through to the kitchen.

Liza was ironing by the fire. The clothes-frame hung full, and there was a steamy, comfortable, warm smell. Her board rested on two chair backs, and under it was Ira. He was playing some game of his own with a string of empty spools and some blocks of wood and an old pistol. His light hair hung over his eyes; his cheeks were warm and red. He had been eating something; his face and the floor were crumby. His father stood stock-still and burst out with a sob; then he fell trembling into a chair, and reached down and pulled Ira up in his arms.

"Oh, Ira!" he said, hoarsely, and sat shaking, with his head bowed above him.

Ira paused a wondering minute. There was some displeasure on his childish face. "W'y, what's the matter?" he demanded.

"I thought you was lost, Ira," said his father. "I thought you was dead. I thought you'd gone up to the pine woods again; I've been clear up there. I was afraid you'd got snowed up and froze. Where've you been, Ira?"

"W'y, here," said Ira.

"He's been here since dinner," Liza said. "He was over to the Wades' this morning. We thought he'd been home between-times. If we'd known he hadn't, and it storming so, we'd have sent over, and let you know where he was." She tried to go on ironing, but she made ineffectual motions, for she saw nothing clearly through her tears.

Marcus looked at her. Something distinct and tangible struggled through his surging emotions and seemed to fix him. It was his first clear recognition of it, and it staggered him. He was afraid to say it, and would have refrained if he could have. His words came huskily.

"You'll have to come over there and take care of us—Ira and me. I can't do nothing with him. He won't mind me nor anything. *You* could make him act better; you do. It ain't—that ain't all, Liza. I want you. I don't know how to say it—nor nothing—" He felt for her hand, and pressed his wet hot face upon it.

She turned her head away, but her tears dropped fast on Ira's staring upturned face. He pondered; for once the situation was beyond him; he failed to comprehend it. He wriggled out of his father's arms to the floor, and went on playing.

EMMA A. OPPER.

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS OF TO-DAY.

ONCE the Elysian Fields, now the "Bone-yard." Then the pleasure resort of thousands, drawing and charming by its beauty the frolic-loving youth of the great city on every moonlit evening and every Sunday, it is now, though still beautiful, the resort of few, and is given over to that most curious industry, the breaking up of old hulks of vessels, and—alas for the romance!—of all these vessels the canal-boats are the great majority. There is sometimes a sloop or a schooner towed into the basin, too feeble to sail, it seems; and occasionally, but very rarely, a larger craft yet, but one of these seems like the infrequent corpse of the officer surrounded on the field of the lost battle by the bodies of the humbler privates. In truth, there is something ghastly in the strange disorderly array of broken hulls that lie by the Hoboken shore, like the very ghost of a fleet, and one would scarcely be surprised, when strolling there, to see buccaneers swashbuckling around among the trees on some dark night. They would be looking, of course, for some *Flying Dutchman* of a craft in which to sail away on a cruise of recovery of buried treasures.

But this strange-seeming place puts on other guises while the imaginative visitor strolls around it, and no better place than this for a short sentimental journey may be found around New York. It seems no idle political joke of the vintage of by-gone years to say that a foreign country lies on the other side of the Hudson, when, by taking a Fourteenth Street ferry-boat, one may reach this neighborhood in a few minutes. It is No-man's Land that he comes to when, after crossing the river and strolling up a painfully new street for a furlong, he turns to the right, and enters a grove of fine trees. It is a pity Dickens cannot go there, for he would recognize in a moment the unquestionable fact that not only did he create the place, but that all the people there are his children.

The river has stolen from the land a great irregular semicircle of territory, swooping it out in a careless way, but is too busy in its immediate meeting with the ocean to pay much attention to the domain it has captured, while the land is too drowsy and indifferent to reclaim its own. Wherefore, as the tide rises and falls, the basin belongs now to Terra and now to Neptune. A little effort by either would drive the other away, and meddling man will doubtless some time turn the languid controversy between the two to his pecuniary profit by awarding the space to one or the other. Just now it is difficult for the utilitarian to see why so much debatable ground should be so near New York.

Here it is, however, to the great delight of the fanciful rambler. Your true idler, who cares nothing for concrete values, so he may find the quaint and curious, to whom bustle is abhorrent, who loves to muse in out-o'-the-way places, may here find a paradise on a summer afternoon. Mrs. Gummidge actually keeps a tavern in the grove. To be sure, it is an innocent place, since she has no excise license, and can sell nothing but sarsaparilla and such small-beer. It is, however, monstrous comforting to sit on the front piazza with her, and for the brief half-hour it takes to drink a glass of her weird brew, listen to her eloquent bewailment of her condition.

The flies drone softly. The sunlight falls too lazily to make it hot. The breeze loiters too slowly to make it cool. The ripples lap the ragged and dilapidated shore too feebly to change its line. The men whose business it is to break up the canal-boats lounge about here and there, earning their wages apparently by waiting for decay to pull the timbers apart. The very grass has forgotten to grow, and stays stubby. But Mrs. Gummidge does not forget her woes, and like a placid stream that never hastens and never pauses, her words flow on in an interminable narration. The recital rouses you not. Like the trials of unfortunate people in the *Arabian Nights*, hers seem to be thrown in to make the story balance. You learn without wonder that her husband has left her, and you accept without question the fact that he was a "norful" brute, and that she was always a devoted helpmeet, and having finished your sarsaparilla, you pay your dime and go, leaving her in the middle of a story that you know she will finish just the same whether you go or stay. Her glass is still untouched, though you have paid for it, and you admire her hard, practical common-sense.

Slowly you stroll through the lace of shadows that lies under the great old trees, expecting to see—not dryads, indeed, but leprechauns. You don't. You meet old men who are dressed as laborers, but who labor not. You find a business office that seems to have floated ashore, since it was once the cabin of a boat, and now stands by the water's edge. An elderly gentleman sits by the door, and you learn that he is a speculator; that he buys old hulks, and sells their component parts—the iron, the wood, and, for all you can imagine, such daubs of paint as the weather has not washed away. It is a leisurely business, as far removed from ordinary kinds of speculation as may be. You can imagine that he must be shrewd, and is doubtless acquainted with market quotations, but as for the dash and excitement of speculation, they can have no part in the business of buying old hulks, and sitting down to watch their slow decay until it shall reach that point at which the timbers will fall apart by reason of their own weight. Just now the old gentleman is busy at the latter part of his business, and you dislike to interrupt him.

The enchantment fades away, and your heart grows tender to think of the poor old bleaching skeletons of sturdy, workaday craft lying stranded in the mud, awaiting dismemberment and such rejuvenation as may be found in the junk trade. It seems cruel that the keen blasts of winter are going to whistle through those poor old frames. In this land, so very far away from the great city, though you may go thither in half an hour, it truly in summer-time seems always afternoon. Surely the sunset must finish the story of this fairy-land, for no morning seems a possibility. It is the ghost of a gay delightful past that hovers around the shore in the guise of beauty which decay has not yet wholly destroyed, but to him who remembers the Elysian Fields of a generation ago the change is sorrowful.

THE SEASON OF FOOT-BALL.

THE residents of Tuxedo were fortunate on Saturday, October 11th, in seeing one of the best games of foot-ball thus far this season. The contesting elevens were from Princeton and the Orange Athletic Club, and the struggle lasted from three o'clock in the afternoon until nearly five, without either side being able to gain a point. The prize was a silver cup, valued at $100, and when it was proposed to toss up a coin to decide upon the winner, objection was made, and Orange refused to play another half-hour, evidently thinking that it had honor enough in playing a tie game with the college boys. The day was a beautiful one in the early autumn, and the points of advantage were all occupied with sight-seers, who watched the play with interest. The teams were evenly matched, and the tremendous rushes of Gill for Orange saved his side many a time. Kell, the Orange full back, showed some fine points of playing; and Homans, Princeton's full back, did some fine kicking. It was the second game of the season for Orange, and the third for Princeton, neither club having been beaten.

The Orange Athletic Club is one of the members of the American Foot-ball Union, the other clubs composing it being the Crescent, Staten Island, and New York athletic clubs. The regular championship season begins on October 25th, two matches being played on each Saturday up to November 29th. In previous years the Crescents have won the championship, but this year it looks very much as if they would have to work a good deal harder to win than ever before. The Orange eleven has a number of old college players in it, and good ones too. Boviard and Burdick, the ends of the rush line, are excellent at tackling, running, and dodging, the former having been end rush on the Princeton eleven of 1888. Gill, Corbin, and Storrs have made their reputations at college, and are prepared to work hard to win. There is no better man in America than De Hart, the quarter back, and many think him fully equal to Harry Beecher, the famous Yale player, in that position. The half backs, Spier and Mowry, were in last year's eleven; and Kell, the full back, is an Englishman and a new-comer, who has made a good record on his country eleven. The team plays well together, and when it meets the Crescent Club at Orange, on November 8th, a good game is pretty sure to result.

The Crescent Athletic Club has the same remarkably strong team back of the rush line as it had last year. The players have shown themselves to be about the best in America in their respective positions, and they are in good shape this year. Harry Beecher, the greatest quarter back that Yale ever had, will play with all the vim which characterized his college days, and Wyllys Terry and Duncan Edwards are a pair of half backs hard to beat. The full back, Bull, was one of the best kickers Yale ever had, and is in condition to play his hardest. Centre rush will be played by W. H. Ford, the captain of the eleven, and a tower of strength, while the ends of the rush line will be taken care of by J. M. Hewlett, the best man by far on the Columbia College team of last season, and R. C. Campbell, member of Williams College eleven last year, and a strong player. The other rushers will be chosen from the four La Marche brothers, Matthews, and Brown—making altogether a very strong foot-ball eleven.

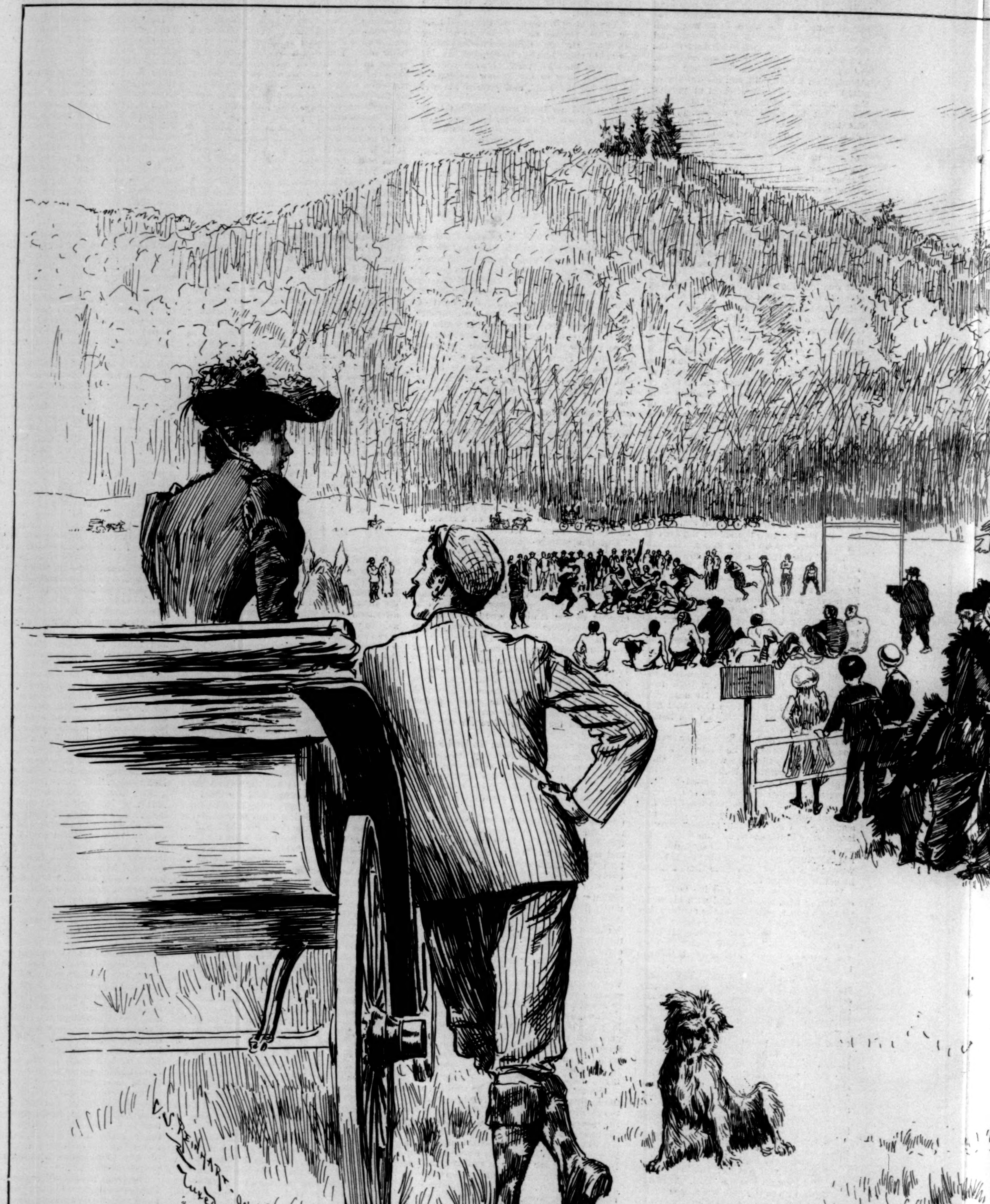
The teams which will represent the New York and the Staten Island Athletic clubs are not completed as yet, but they will doubtless get into shape in ample time, the former under the captaincy of W. T. Lawson, and the latter in charge of Redmond Conyngham. The Orange Athletic Club has played one other game besides that with Princeton, when it defeated an eleven from Columbia College by a score of 21 to 0, on October 4th. The Crescent Club met the Stevens Institute eleven on September 27th, and won by the overwhelming score of 62 to 0. On October 4th it met Yale, and for the first time since the club was organized succeeded in scoring against its great rival, the record being 18 to 6 in favor of the college team. As in years past, there is no doubt but that the Orange and the Crescent clubs have by far the strongest elevens in America outside of Yale, Princeton, and Harvard, and even those elevens have to work to win, so vigorous is the play of the athletic clubs.

Harvard having withdrawn from the Inter-collegiate Foot-ball Association, Yale and Princeton are the strongest colleges left in, and the championship is bound to go to one or the other. A game has, however, been arranged between Harvard and Yale, and should the latter win from Princeton, the effect will be the same as if Harvard had remained in the association. Yale's first game this year was played on October 1st, when Wesleyan was the victim, the score being 8 to 0. The second game was on October 4th, when, as before mentioned, the Crescent Club was beaten by 18 to 6. October 8th, Wesleyan was again beaten, this time by 34 to 0; Lehigh was beaten by 26 to 0, on October 11th; and October 15th, Yale beat Trinity by 40 to 0. Princeton has played four games, as follows: October 4th, Princeton, 33, Franklin and Marshall, 16; October 4th, Princeton, 27, Rutgers, 0; October 11th, Princeton, 0, Orange Athletic Club, 0; and October 15th, Princeton, 18, University of Pennsylvania, 0. Harvard has scored three victories: over Exeter Academy, on October 1st, by 41 to 0; over Dartmouth, on October 4th, by 45 to 0; and over Amherst, on October 11th, by 76 to 6.

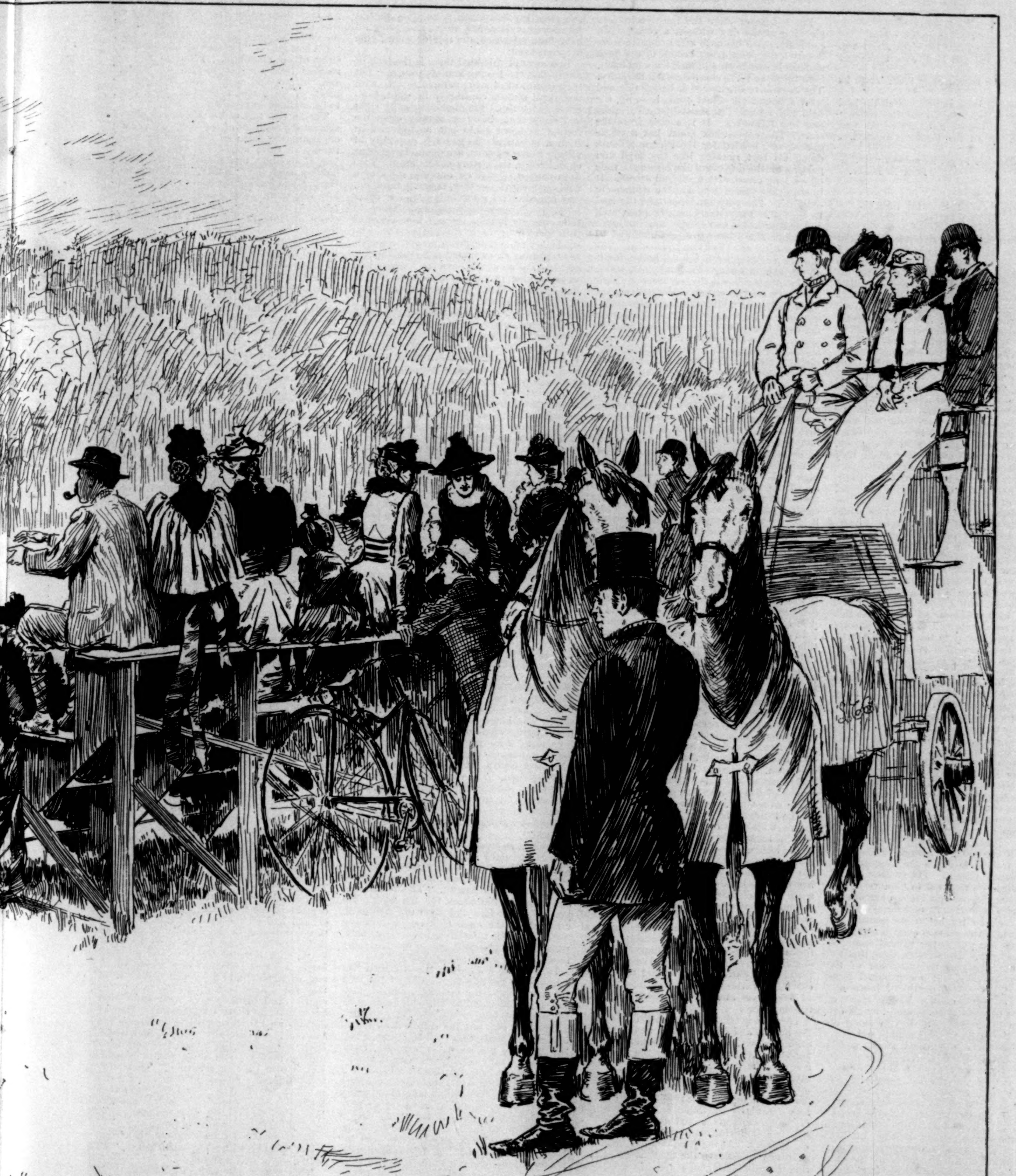
The Princeton eleven, which was unbeaten in 1889, is now in the hands of its old trainer, and is rapidly improving. Poe, the quarter back of last year, is again captain; Black, the left half back, is left tackle this year; Riggs, the left guard, is playing right guard; and the rest of the eleven is new. Spicer, Adams, and Dalton have been playing half backs with considerable success, and Homans has shown much ability as full back. Hayden and Furniss on the ends of the rush line are strong players, and Sims has been a capable centre so far this season. It is rather early, however, to place the men in their positions for the championship games, and at least two weeks must elapse before anything definite can be said. Yale's eleven has been changed about more or less, but it has six of last year's team as members, and they have been playing as follows: Hartwell, left end; Heffiefinger, left guard; S. Morison, right guard; Rhodes, captain and right tackle; McClung, left half back; and Harvey, full back. The position of right half back has been alternated by Bliss and B. Morison; the quarter back has been played by Barbour, of last year's Freshmen eleven; and Mills has been at left tackle. Townsend has taken care of right end, while Lewis and Holcombe have been at centre. It is a good team as at present constituted, but will doubtless be changed many times during practice games.

At least eight, if not more, of Harvard's last year's team will play this year. Cummock will be in his old position of captain and left end, while Upton will be beside him on the line. Cranston has been moved to centre, and Trafford will remain at full back. Lee and Fearing have each been tried at right end, and in the game of October 11th Fearing made six touch-downs by outrunning the Amherst men. In this game also Corbett and Lake, new men on the eleven, did some very fine work. Dean and Burgess have both played well at quarter back. Blanchard at right guard, and Newell at right tackle, appear to be settled upon, and Heard has been successful at left guard, where Cranston played last season. All things considered, Harvard has a strong team, and has made better progress this year than has either Princeton or Yale. When the season begins in earnest, that is, when she meets Yale, she will have had the advantage of many more games with her men in their proper positions.

The team which will represent Columbia College this year will have the advantage of more systematic training than ever before. The men have gone into quarters, and are in charge of a trainer who keeps them up to their work. The new athletic management of college affairs is working well, and although the eleven may not be in the first class this year, there is no reason why the foundation for an excellent team in 1891 should not be laid. Altogether the outlook for foot-ball is promising, and the games during the season now about to begin should be more interesting than ever before.


C. S. REINHART - Oct 23
Tuxedo '90

FOOT-BALL AT TUXEDO.—Drawn by C



by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 827.]

INDIAN SUMMER.

The land does not forget its ancient ways,
Nor those lithe hunters who went to and fro
Within its borders in the long ago;
For ere the coming of the winter days
A little space it holds in sacred-wise,
In which 'tis said the hunters all return
Unto the hunting-grounds for which they yearn.
Then 'tis from hill and plain once more doth rise
The smoke from unseen camp fires; 'neath its shield
Strange spectres come and go, and all the land
Is held and 'leagured by the old-time band,
Who pluck the ripened maize adown the field.
Know then by all the haunting smoke and haze
The land does not forget its ancient ways.

Lucy E. Tilley.

A DAY WITH THE STAG-HOUNDS.

To ride through golden-yellow eschscholtzias and violets, to beat down the rich green grass beneath your horse's feet, and see the hounds deep in growing grain, while the snow-banks of winter gleam and scintillate in your face, is the privilege of the cross-country rider in the San Gabriel Valley. The lowland is clothed in summer greens, and a wealth of flowers covers the plain and mesa; yet the Sierra Madre peaks—San Antonio, San Jacinto, and the rest—are mounds of gleaming snow, tempering the air and presenting a wondrous contrast. South of Pasadena, perhaps two miles, there extends east and west a ridge of hills known as the Puente, whose western end rests upon the city of Los Angeles proper, while the other is lost in the direction of white-capped Santa Ana. Cut with cañons, abrupt, serrated, with slopes of soft and tender green, they form a prominent feature in the landscape.

These hills are the haunts of the wily coyote—the native dog of southern California, the wolf of the mesa; for he combines the characteristics of both. At night he sallies forth in the direction of San Gabriel, Alhambra, Pasadena, and the neighboring towns, passing through the outskirts, and lurking around back door-yards—a veritable scavenger. When alarmed, he is alert, and easily out-distances the fleetest common dog. Occasionally he is seen by the light of the moon dashing away, with a yelping laugh or cry, followed by a half-score of dogs; and it is said that the coyote will at times allure the dogs on until one is in the fore, then turn, and lead the victim to an ambush where several coyotes are lying in wait. Seemingly at a signal, they will pitch upon him, and send him home torn and bleeding, if not seriously injured. Almost every cañon in the range is the vantage-ground of one or more coyotes. As the sun rises they leave the plains, and make their way to the hills, where they sleep on the soft grass, or lie on the ledges of rock that overlook the ravines.

The coyote is about the size of a setter-dog, often smaller, with a bushy, wolf-like tail, big, prominent ears, and an exceedingly odd expression. A glance at the animal would not convince one that it was adapted by nature to remarkable bursts of speed, yet such is one of the attributes of this singular creature. It can outrun the jack-rabbit, and I doubt if the fast greyhounds of England, that are trained to chase the English hare, could compete with it. The swiftest of California dogs are required to capture it, and then Master Coyote succumbs only after a one or two mile run at race-horse speed—not the run of a fox before the hounds, but a chase where the game is ever in sight, and the horses are put to the utmost speed, as upon the track. No wonder, then, that the coyote has attracted the attention of the cross-country rider, and is considered game well worthy the best mettle of horse and rider. The pack of the Valley Hunt of Pasadena consists of greyhounds, which differ from those generally seen in being almost as large as a stag-hound, and from Australian kangaroo-hound stock, and a number of stag-hounds. The latter are relied upon principally in coyote-hunting, though the greyhounds do almost equally well; but being so fine-haired, they show the wounds received in the sanguinary encounters, their appearance suffering in consequence. The meet for a coyote hunt is an early morning affair, and as the sun rolls over from Arizona, and illumines the orange groves and valleys, the members of the hunt are seen coming over the fields from Pasadena, headed for Ramona, a little hamlet a mile or more from the hills, where they are joined by a party of officers from Los Angeles, who have chased the coyote in Arizona.

As far as the eye can reach in one direction is the vineyard of San Gabriel, the black root-like trunks reaching out like grotesque arms; to the east, barley fields—a rich green carpet for miles—and it is through this, by roads that wind about, that the hunt passes. Twenty horses, with Mexican or Spanish saddles that gleam and flash in the sunlight, white sombreros, gay laughter, the carol of the lark, and the wondrous contrast between the green carpet and the snow-banks, are a few of the features that delight the lover of the picturesque and of out-door life. The hunt is grouped together, the master of the hounds slightly in advance, with the dogs well ahead. Watch them move! now trotting along for a hundred yards, stopping to look about, then resuming the trot again. It is still early morning, and the mirage effects are striking. Small objects a mile away are highly magnified, and novices at the sport and early rising take a distant crow for a coyote, and would fain give chase.

For a mile or more the hunt moves on, glorying in the day without a cloud, when suddenly, some distance off, a dog is seen. Surely a dog would not be out in the mesa alone. It stands on a hillock for a moment, then turns, and—its sharp ears tell the story. The dogs have discovered it before this, and with a bound the silent pack is away, the field with a roar of hoofs and jangle of spurs and bits following. It is a race from the start. The coyote has given but a single glance, and, headed for the Puente Hills, is doing his best, running like the wind and gaining on the dogs; but the hills are a mile off—a long chase, with a gradual ascent. It is soon determined who are the winners in the field. The wiry bronchos take the lead to hold it. They understand gopher, owl, and badger holes, and escape them by intuition, while the other horses are retarded by their timidity and efforts to avoid them. The run is over ploughed fields, the horses floundering and throwing clouds of earth which less fortunate riders in the rear receive. Now a country road is struck with good wagon-worn turf, over which the hunt goes whirling away at increasing speed as a glimpse of the dogs is had, well bunched, and running as one. How they run! Working like machines, stretching out in remarkable tenuity, reaching ahead with a speed almost impossible to comprehend—a flash of dun and gray, driving before them a small object of a lighter color. Over a field they go, a roar of sounds, horses and riders wild with excitement. Down another road turns the hunt, then a shout, a cloud of dust, and horses are bunched and held up short. As the dust clears away, the cause is visible—the lane has terminated suddenly in a barley field with a high barb-wire fence. The horse of the master of the hounds has taken the bit in his teeth and rushed at it, tripped, and gone to earth, landing on the other side of the fence, it is true, but so tangled and bound by the treacherous wire that it lies, feet in the air, utterly powerless to move. The master of the hounds lands upon his feet, while the coyote has deftly slipped under the lower wire, followed by two dogs, and is scaling the Puente Hills! Wily coyote! The horse is extricated, and the ranch-house near at hand sought, where the hunt dismounts to repair damages and give the animals a rest.

In half an hour the hunt is away again, this time following down a ravine in the hills, where a view of the Pacific, thirty miles away, is had. The plan, as laid out, is to get behind the hills and sweep in line toward the valley, and thus run the game out upon the open plain. To accomplish this, the ascent of the hills is necessary, and soon, by a zigzag process, horses and dogs are on the topmost pinnacle. Five or six miles away rises the wall of the Sierra Madres, from 4000 to 11,000 feet; Wilson's Peak, opposite Pasadena, as high as Mount Washington; and others at intervals still higher, until the domes of San Bernardino and San Jacinto, white with snow, are seen far to the south. In the intervening space are valleys rich in greens, with acres of vivid flame tint, telling of solid masses of poppies. The two slopes of the hills are covered by the hunt, which moves slowly west. Suddenly some one in the cañon raises a shout, and a coyote that has perhaps been basking in the sun upon some ledge dashes out in full view. For a second the powerful dogs glance at him, then are away. Down the hill he goes, the dogs after him, making the descent no one knows how. The master of the hounds dashes down headlong—a seemingly impossible feat—while others zigzag down, and reaching the lowland, race over the springing turf; now down into ravines, over ditches, into ploughed fields, over another hill, where the game is seen before.

The pace is telling. Ploughed fields wind the horses, and climbing hills at full speed, dashing down them again, is better adapted for coyote than hounds; but the dogs are gamy. The coyote keeps straight on, neither turning nor looking. Perhaps he has lost heart, and there is cause, as slowly but surely the long dim line is picking up, in the lead the grizzly stag-hounds, the finer forms of the greyhounds behind working like machines, and moving over the sod with incredible velocity. At the pace there is little opportunity to observe the finer points. The line rapidly closes, and then Don Coyote dashes from the mesa down into an arroyo, or dry river-bed, so common in southern California and Arizona, where a few willows and leafless sycamores form an apology for a forest; and here, with the expert army officers and their tired horses in at the death, the finish is had.

The two experienced hunters see from the pack a stag-hound dart ahead, covering the intervening distance in a single bound, seizing the coyote, that is on his back at the instant, the centre of the pack, snarling and biting. Covered with the hounds, hidden from sight, the coyote never loses tongue, but snarls his defiance until the last; and even when prone and senseless, shaken by a savage hound loath to give up the fight, the upper lip lifts, showing the white gleaming fangs that have done so much execution. By the time the entire field is in, the gamy animal is dead, and the master of the hounds gives the brush to its claimant, estimating the weight of the coyote at fifty pounds.

Wolf-hunting in Russia over the snow is said to be exciting, though it has its discomforts; but here we have the sport on green fields and under summer skies. A single run resulting in a catch is amply sufficient for horses, riders, and dogs, and after all have been refreshed, the ride or walk home is commenced.

In a meet of this kind there is the lack of music that the baying hounds produce; but the excitement of a run at racing speed, with the game almost constantly in sight, compensates for this. Stag-hounds run by sight and scent both, but rely mainly upon the former, as scent could not be followed at such a pace, and the game is generally in view. Some curious accidents have been chronicled in the history of this hunt. Two dogs started rabbits on opposite sides of a field, and came together, striking head on, one breaking its neck instantly, the other miraculously escaping uninjured. Once, in following my hounds through a vineyard at full speed after a rabbit, one of the dogs struck a vine, and turned a complete somersault, coming down upon her feet facing me, and looking up at my horse, as I reined him in to save her, in mute astonishment at finding herself entirely turned about. When several hounds are running, they often display great intelligence in turning game and saving each other. The leading dog will often fall to the rear awhile, allowing another to take the front, and so on until the game is well in hand, when all will make a spurt, and form a combined attack, pulling the victim down at once.

The stag-hound is, in the estimation of southern California lovers of cross-country riding, the equal of the greyhound. It has more endurance, uses both sight and scent, and, if kept in good condition, is equally fleet. Again, it is a noble-appearing animal, though I would not detract from the merits of the fine-haired allies of this dog. The stag-hound is rarely used in this country, the Valley Hunt of Pasadena being the only club actively employing them in hunting. In the early days of English sport the stag-hound was the favorite, and was bred for royal use alone; but of late years little attention has been paid to them, and comparatively few packs are kept up.

A NAUTICAL COURT OF JUSTICE.

PADDY LYONS, CAPTAIN OF THE FORECASTLE, ON THE BENCH.

In the year of grace 18—, long enough ago for the old school of officers and traditions to be in vogue, the first-class steam-frigate *Martingale*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sansompost, was lying at anchor off Montevideo. The *Martingale* was called a "taut" ship. The habits and customs of the "old navy" were paramount, and the usual "morning court" at the mast, when the offences of the past twenty-four hours were inquired into, was sharp, explicit, and sometimes quite spirited. The captain was a martinet of the old school; the first lieutenant, stern and savage in appearance, had a grim and sarcastic humor that was amusing to outsiders, but was caustic and wormwood to the culprits.

Dooley, an ancient master's mate, who found his daily employment somewhere about the fore-hold, and appeared on deck about once a week, said, in his sententious manner and rich brogue: "This is the ship and these is the times for the byes. Do you mind the fore and main top men gathering about the main tack in the morning watch, whin the furst liftinant comes on deck, with their hands behind their ears, listening to what he is going to say furst?"

In the old navy Jack was watched like a convict. He was kept on board the ship for six months on a stretch, drilled, badgered, and hounded about, with quick punishment and hard words for every offence. Every boat that left the ship had an armed officer (and sometimes two) in it, to see that the crew did not leave the boat, and discipline was "taut as a bowline on a wind." Flogging and grog had been abolished, but the old salts often said that if they could have the grog back, they would take the flogging also. They preferred, as a matter of fact, the short, sharp cuts of the "cat," and a quick finish, to the long and weary confinement in irons, cells, sweat-boxes, and the like. The loss of the grog hurt their throats, for no one went to sea in the old days without a healthy thirst, and all conceivable means were tried to gratify it. Many an old tar would confess that he would rather take a dozen at the gangway than have his grog stopped.

Six months' constant service on board, with never a drink in all that time, would fully prepare Jack for a big spree when he "struck the beach." General liberty, one watch at a time for forty-eight hours, was a great event. The men would reach the shore clean, fine-looking, able-bodied, and in good order, generally after "quarters" in the morning, about 10 A.M. Immediate and lengthy drinks of the most potent liquor that the country could produce was the first business; then, if any British were about, it was always considered necessary to fight them. If no man-of-warsmen could be found, they fought among themselves with great cheerfulness and courage, and any man who returned "on time," or "clean and sober," was not regarded as much of a sailor anyhow. The return of the watch from liberty was an event. With torn clothes, black eyes, dirty, and disreputable, they were brought back in sections, but one and all had had a good time. As each man came over the gangway he was seized, rapidly searched, inspected by the officer of the deck, and the terse words, "Let him go," or "Down with him," told the story of his condition. A line of marines reached from the gangway to the "brig," and "drunk and noisy" ones fell into the hands of the master-at-arms in quick time, to be confined until sober.

The ancient tars of the *Martingale* chafed against the restraint of the long confinement on board the ship; so one morning about twenty of them seized the "market boat" just at daylight, and pulled for the beach, landing near the "Mount," in Montevideo Harbor, and leaving the boat to her fate, rapidly dispersed. The whole affair had happened so quickly that the officer of the deck could do nothing but report the matter to the captain, and get ready to pursue the culprits. Now one of the strongest customs in the old navy was that when anything out of the common happened, the officer of the deck must be promptly placed under arrest. Captain Tompion instantly and gallantly performed that part of his duty, and then proceeded in the most active manner to make life a burden to those who had not been fortunate enough to escape in the market boat.

In the course of a few days most of the fugitives had been captured by the authorities on shore, and lodged in the jail, which was not a pleasant place. One afternoon a boat was manned, and Lieutenant Barnacle, with a midshipman, was sent on shore to bring these runaways back to the ship. Having received them from the captain of the port and taken them to the boat, the party started to return. Weather sometimes is uncertain, and especially so about the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. Scarcely had one-third of the distance been traversed when a "pampero" came roaring in with great force. A hasty retreat was necessary, and the boat reached the shore nearly half full of water, and all hands wet. The prisoners were turned over to the authorities, and there seemed a prospect for a lengthy stay on shore until the storm abated.

In the first rush of the gale, Lieutenant Barnacle had lost his cap overboard and had become wet through, and the usual serenity of his mind was severely ruffled. With a boat's crew that was sure to desert, with a certainty that he would be put under arrest for not having ten hands and superhuman strength to prevent the desertion, and with a wet sensation all over, he had a problem that required some thought. Being a man of action, and thinking of the old "sheep and lamb" proverb, he called all the men out of the boat, and having ranged them in one rank, proceeded to address them as follows:

"The dearest object that you men have on earth is to desert. The country is broad and open, and the delights of the town are before you. The storm is too heavy to enable me to take you back to the ship. Life is short and uncertain, and full of trouble. I do not propose to bother my head about you. Go on. Proceed to desert at once."

Then ensued a characteristic scene. Sailors, mules, goats, and ants are stubborn creatures. Those things that they are desired to do, they do not do if they can help it; and the things not wanted, they perform if they can. The contrary seafaring mind was aroused.

The cockswain of the boat, Paddy Lyons, captain of the forecastle, was a typical sailor, and had all the qualities that belong to those stationed in the vicinity of the fore-tack. He was short in his spars, broad of beam, with a muscular neck and a round head. He was possessed of a strong voice, and, unsuspected, of a judicial cast of mind that would have been invaluable in a police court. His memory was remarkable, and his manner at times commanding. Had he and his men been ordered to remain in the boat, and been carefully watched, they would have disappeared, one by one, in a most mysterious manner, and none would remain. But here was a new sensation. They were freely offered a chance to desert, and it did not look so alluring. They doubted; they hesitated; they were lost. It was actually in their power to do the very thing they longed to do, and they would not do it.

Then Paddy Lyons came to the front. "Sir," he said, with a respectful salute, "we would never desert from *you*."

This speech was quite diplomatic in its way. It was a stroke of policy that would in certain cases be regarded as genius; but this time it failed. The sea-lieutenant was a man of experience. The specious sophistry and daring flights of logic sometimes indulged in by sailors were not made to dazzle his clear and searching gaze. He rejected the advance with scorn, insisted that his proposition was right, that they dearly wanted to go, and he would take no denial. Go they must.

Jack in his multiple capacity was confounded. For such a condition as this his mind was not prepared. Could it be that there was anything a sailor-man *could* do but *skip* when unwatched? Signs of real concern began to show on the rugged, sea-worn faces. They narrowly watched the stern countenance of the officer, but saw no signs of relenting. Unless something was soon done, they would perhaps be driven from the wharf. It might be that lawful authority and commissioned right would absolutely force them to go on a spree, get their clothes torn, and be locked up in the "Cabildo." It would not do; it was not the right way; it was not forbidden fruit. They absolutely refused to eat it. Alas, inglorious defeat! The finger of forecastle scorn would point at them forever.

So one half of this band of sea-logicians was ordered into the boat, with a stern command that any misbehavior would be punished with expulsion, and the other half regaled on such food as a "'long-shore" restaurant could furnish. Then, fitted with pipes and tobacco, the first moiety relieved those in the boat, who, refreshed, returned and joined their fellows.

Here the old sea miracle occurred. Among the whole boat's crew it is more than probable that there was not one cent of money, yet each and every man climbed into the boat with a bottle of brandy in his shirt. Like the great bird of Africa that, hiding his head in the sand, thinks his whole body concealed, so Jack, with a bulky bottle in his bosom, causing a protuberance like a small hill, walks unconcernedly along, observing everything and apparently unconscious, until seized and searched, when he will express the greatest surprise at the presence of the bottle, and in a simple and childlike manner wonder how it came there. How that boat's crew procured all that brandy is one of the sea-side mysteries that are never revealed.

At last Lieutenant Barnacle came leisurely down the wharf, and surveyed the scene. The night was reasonably dark, with clouds scudding before the wind across the sky and the face of the dim moon. Overhead, the wind was raging with great fury. The lights of the city partially illuminated the surroundings. Comparative calm prevailed under the lee of the wharves. All the crew were in the boat, contented and happy, and had about reached the "hiccough" stage of inebriation. The lieutenant then put on the finishing stroke of strategy. Embarking with the midshipman in the boat, they hauled off, and made fast to a lighter about fifty feet from the wharf, and with all the birds in the cage.

The minutes passed slowly along to the little party in the boat. The master-spirit in the revels, Paddy Lyons, was sitting on the after-thwart. With inimitable skill he sang, made speeches, whistled, gave imitations of several kinds, and, under the influence of the liquor that he drank, seemed to be the life of the party. It was about midnight when the pugnacious stage began to come on. Then the two officers gathered in all the remaining liquor, and put it in the "cockswain's box," in the after-end of the boat, and commanded silence. Sleep was impossible unless induced by intoxication. The restless mind and craving thirst of Paddy Lyons were still unsatisfied. His daring and longing soul schemed to accomplish the feat of getting some more liquor. The way was blocked by the forms of the officers. He essayed to crawl over them, but a gentle kick in the stomach landed him in a sitting position in the bottom of the boat. A gentle, murmurous, *sotto voce* growl, that could be heard fifty feet off, gave expression to his feelings. They were evidently sorely hurt.

His thirst was getting more and more intense; life was a burden without more rum. All other means failing, he at last addressed a pathetic appeal to the lieutenant, depicting in moving terms the agony of his mental and bodily sufferings, making some remarks about his long service and exemplary character, and calling down the blessings of all the saints in the calendar upon the head of the officer, if he would only have compassion upon his sad condition. This eloquence was rude, but touching. Feeling that mercy was a gentle attribute, and that there still remained several hours before daylight, a compromise was effected, and one full bottle of the brandy was passed over to Paddy, who gazed upon it affectionately, and pressed it to his heart. The other bottles were then destroyed, and Mr. Lyons held in his hands the only remaining solace from all the liquid stores. Reasoning, doubtless, that it was better that one able seaman should be fully drunk than that all should share, having but a small portion each, with no permanent and satisfactory results to any, he glanced cautiously around to see if any were awake to claim a share of his treasure-trove.

I think if some careless person were to place a bottle of whiskey near the last resting-place of a deceased able seaman, the ground would tremble, at least, in his frantic efforts to get his share. Kicks, blows, shakings, and other harsh means would scarcely have roused that boat's crew to man the oars, but scarcely had the bottle reached the hands of Lyons when with one accord they were all alert and asking for a drink. Thus does mind triumph over matter, even on the high seas.

The sublime strategy which wins battles, defeats malicious enemies, and accomplishes important results is like lightning in its inception and certain in its action. It is necessary, therefore, in recording the stroke of genius which came to its conclusion in the great victory of Patrick Lyons on this eventful night, to look somewhat into the history of his companions and their antecedents, with their names and stations. They were: Timothy Sullivan, forecastleman; John Brown, foretopman; Michael Murphy, foretopman; James Riley, foremastman; John Williams, maintopman; Henry O'Keefe, maintopman; William Kent, mizzentopman; Peter Turner, mizzentopman; Henry Smith, after-guard; and Samuel Brice, after-guard. The only petty officer in the boat was the acting cockswain, Paddy Lyons, now calmly surveying the rising forms of his shipmates, who were earnest and anxious in their demands for drink.

With the authority which belonged to his rate, he commanded silence, and directed each one to be seated in his place. Calling for a tin pot, he uncorked the bottle, and pouring an ample drink into the vessel, he held it toward Timothy Sullivan, and said, "Timothy, here is your drink."

Timothy eagerly reached for the coveted vessel, but it was suddenly withdrawn, and Lyons addressed him as follows:

"Timothy Sullivan, you are a seaman on the forecastle. In furling the foresail one day last week you neglected to pass the quarter gasket square, and the officer of the forecastle gave you a blowing up. You are a disgrace to the starboard watch of forecastlemen. To punish you, I will deprive you of your drink. I will take it myself." And he did.

Pouring another liberal quantity into the pot, he called John Brown, and John reached out, when the vessel was withdrawn, and Mr. Lyons discoursed as follows:

"John Brown, I was a-setting on the forecastle head the day before yesterday, and I saw you in the foretop a-trying to worm a rope agin the lay. No sailor-man would try to do such a thing as that, John; and as good rum is only made for sailor-men, I shall take your share myself." Which he did.

Calmly wiping his lips with his sleeve, and pouring another portion into the cup, Michael Murphy was hailed; but his outstretched hand was repulsed, and the Judge arraigned him in the following words:

"Michael Murphy, you are a young man, and have only been to sea for a dog-watch, consequently you don't know much. As far as I know, your character is good, and as an older man, I feel that I ought to keep temptation from you." And so, while Michael writhed in impotent rage, Judge Lyons took *his* drink.

Another large drink went into the receptacle. Some excitement was shown by the audience, and piteous appeals were heard to "pass it around." Rising to his feet and steadying himself, the magistrate remarked, in a judicial tone:

"This here bottle of brandy has been intrusted to me by the leftenant in charge of this here boat, and as a petty officer I know my duty, and am going to do it. There ain't no more rum but what's in this bottle, and it's only for the good. The wicked and pervarse gits none. John Williams" (who, reaching for his portion, was repulsed). "I observed last week, John, and was sorry to see it, that you was at the 'mast,' charged with passing a second reef earing from forward aft, contrary to the custom of seafaring people. The first leftenant gave you four nights' watch in the maintop to think over your sins. No such man as you is entitled to any privileges, and I drinks this myself." And he drank it.

Henry O'Keefe was then called upon to take his drink, but the judge withheld it, and read to him the following indictment:

"O'Keefe, a half turn or a round turn in a topsail-sheet is a very serious matter. The port main-topsail was shackled on by you last Thursday with a round turn in it. Twenty years ago, my lad, you would have had your back scored for anything like that. You may thank your lucky stars that you get off with only the loss of this drink, which I takes myself." The Court drank.

"Harry Smith, ordinary seaman in the after-guard, your case is a hard one, but I remember seeing you hand-holystoning the poop ladder the other day, and you dropped your holy-stone on the navigator's toe while he was taking a sight. It was a lubberly trick. No after-guard can expect to know as much as a forecastleman, but you can't have no part of this here rum." Another drink went down the gullet of the Chief Justice, and he reeled slightly, but continued his good work.

Peter Turner, of the mizzentop, next claimed the attention of the Court.

"Turner, you are a poor miserable devil, and ought not to drink, anyway. You rank somewhere between the mizzen-top-gallant and mizzen royal yards, and ain't much use there. I myself saw you send down the mizzen royal yard without the becket over the yard-arm. No rum for you, Peter. I should never forgive myself if I muddled your weak brains any more."

The Court was getting somewhat shaky, but was never incoherent, and its memory was remarkably bright.

William Kent hoped that the Court would make a mistake in his case, but *no*.

"William," said his Honor, "at the big Parrott gun in the third division last Sunday morning your boots was not properly blacked, and no less a person than the captain of the ship obsarved it. Right in front of the admiral's door, you lubber. Less rum and more blacking for you, my boy. You lose your share. None but good men drink here." And the Court imbibed.

There was a little more left in the bottle, and Mr. Lyons poured it into the cup with a shaking hand.

"Samuel Brice, I have heard you say that, man and boy, you have been an after-guard sweeper for twenty years and never sprung a broom handle. Samuel, you don't know how to handle a swab, and are a swab yourself. The captain's orderly caught you, and the first leftenant gave you six nights on the life-buoy. Rum is not for your kind. I will see that you do not get it."

And the Judge slowly and solemnly glued his lips to the tin cup, tipped his head back as the liquor trickled gradually down his gullet, and as the last drop passed—the Court stood adjourned. THOMAS TURNBUCKLE.

THE MAKING OF A NEW STREET IN THE NORTHWEST.

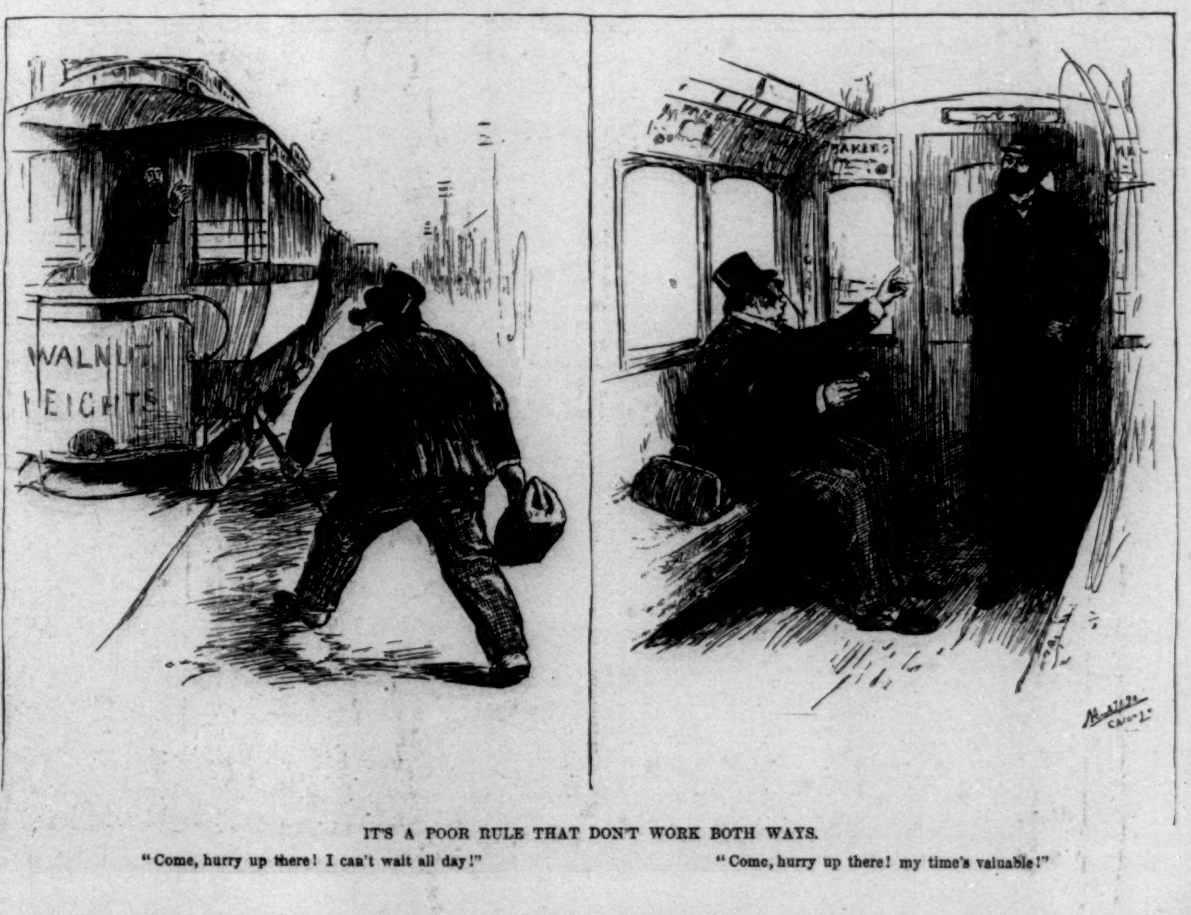
IT is truly wonderful to note the rapidity with which a city grows in these modern days of ours. The progress of engineering continually lessens the labor, and no obstacles are insurmountable. Mr. Rogers has made an interesting picture of a gang of laborers engaged in the first steps toward the making of a new street in one of the big cities of the Northwest. St. Paul is in the midst of a rolling country, surrounded by hills of no mean order, and as the city grows on all sides it is indeed a labor worthy of Hercules to level the hills and bring the intervening valleys to a proper plane.

Rome was built upon her seven hills, but to-day we are not content with following such an example, and the modern town is fortunate when situated in a comparatively flat country. The hills in the neighborhood of St. Paul are composed for the most part of a combination of sand and clay, and therefore the work of levelling the same requires little more than time and patience. But time is reduced to a minimum by the army of laborers, who work with the regularity of a machine, and keep an unbroken line. As soon as the enormous horse-shovels or scoops are filled at one point, the earth is dumped where the land is below the level, and at the conclusion of the work there are no hills or ridges, no valleys or gullies, but a smooth and perfect stretch. Such are the first steps toward the making of a new street, but following close behind come the other laborers and artisans. Where the new street intersects with the older district, at the point where the houses are to be seen in the background of the picture, the machines are already at work digging the sewers, gas and water pipes are being laid, and following in their tracks come the men who will curb the street and lay the pavement. So perfect is the progression that perhaps before the street is entirely laid out, and the limit reached by the advance army, the beginning of the street has been finished, and, paved and curbed, waits for the enterprising builder to begin his work on either side. It is only a very short time comparatively—often less than a year—before a line of stately dwellings or cottages stretches out to where the newly made street ends, and sometimes the householder may forestall the city works, and encroach upon the unimproved country, knowing that it will be only a little while before the city reaches forth its arms and provides them with all of the conveniences of modern life. The old proverb that "Rome was not built in a day" originated some time ago, and is often quoted, but we who enjoy the advantages of this era may smile at the saying, and point to the cities of our land, particularly the Western cities, which were mere hamlets a little more than a generation or so ago, and which now rank among the great cities of the world. A study of the picture, with its army of laborers, gives one a clew to this modern miracle—it is American perseverance and enterprise.

"COME THE SLOW TRAIN."

A THOUSAND storms come, beat upon that breast,
And sow thick flakes among that silken hair,
Score the slight features, bend the back with care,
And steal the charm that once was counted best.
Come the slow train in leaden darkness drest—
As bat-winged pain, rash error's monstrous heir,
And wandering grief, and sunken-eyed despair,
With listening dread that robs the heart of rest.
Time! who hast seen how much of meaner worth
Tend a brief glory to the cloudless sky;
Sought of all seekers in the spring of mirth;
In sorrow's fall sunk, tarnished and thrown by;
Quick, now, let fly thy envious bolts, to prove
The excellent fame of my most virtuous love!

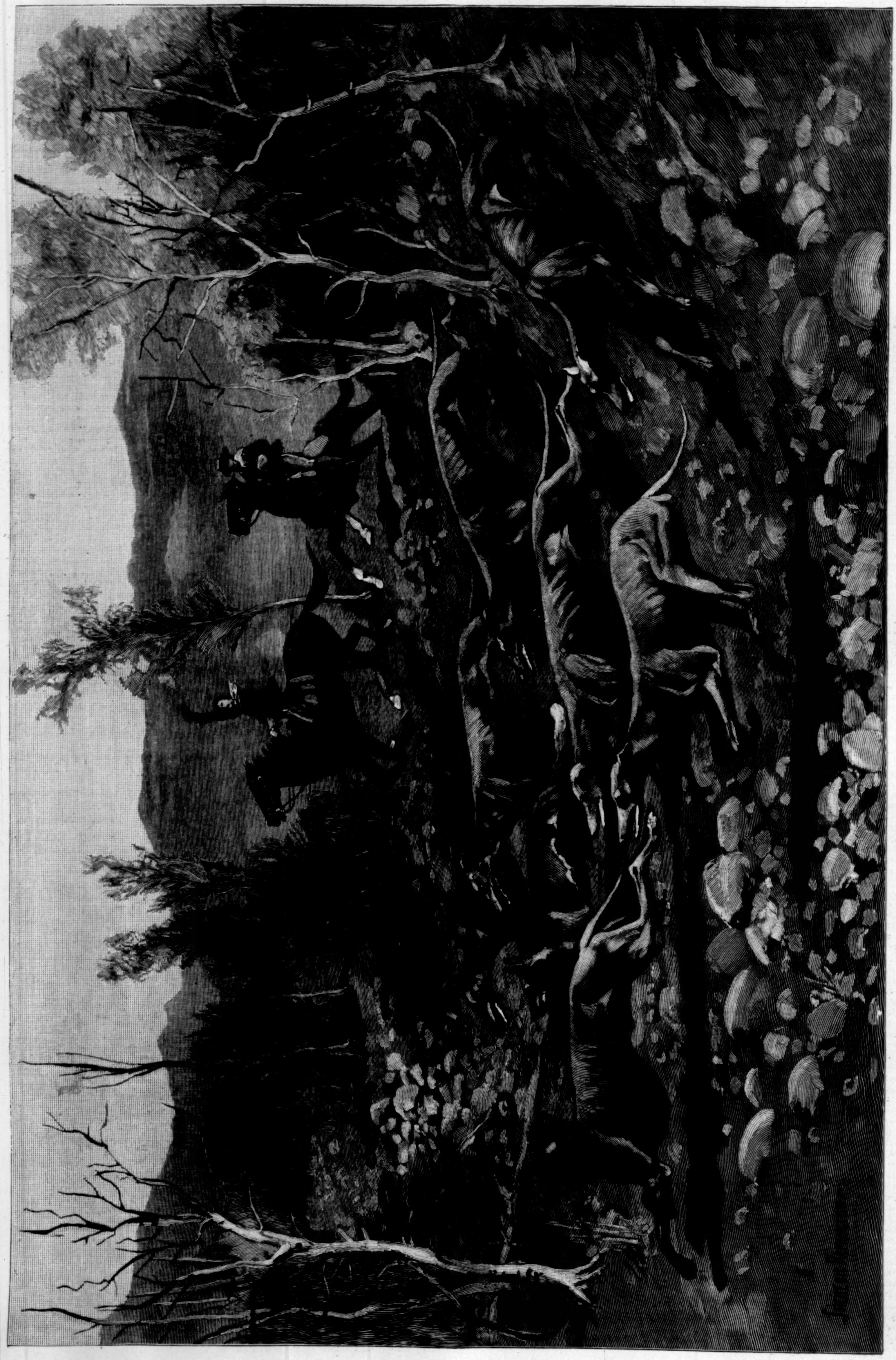
DORA READ GOODALE.



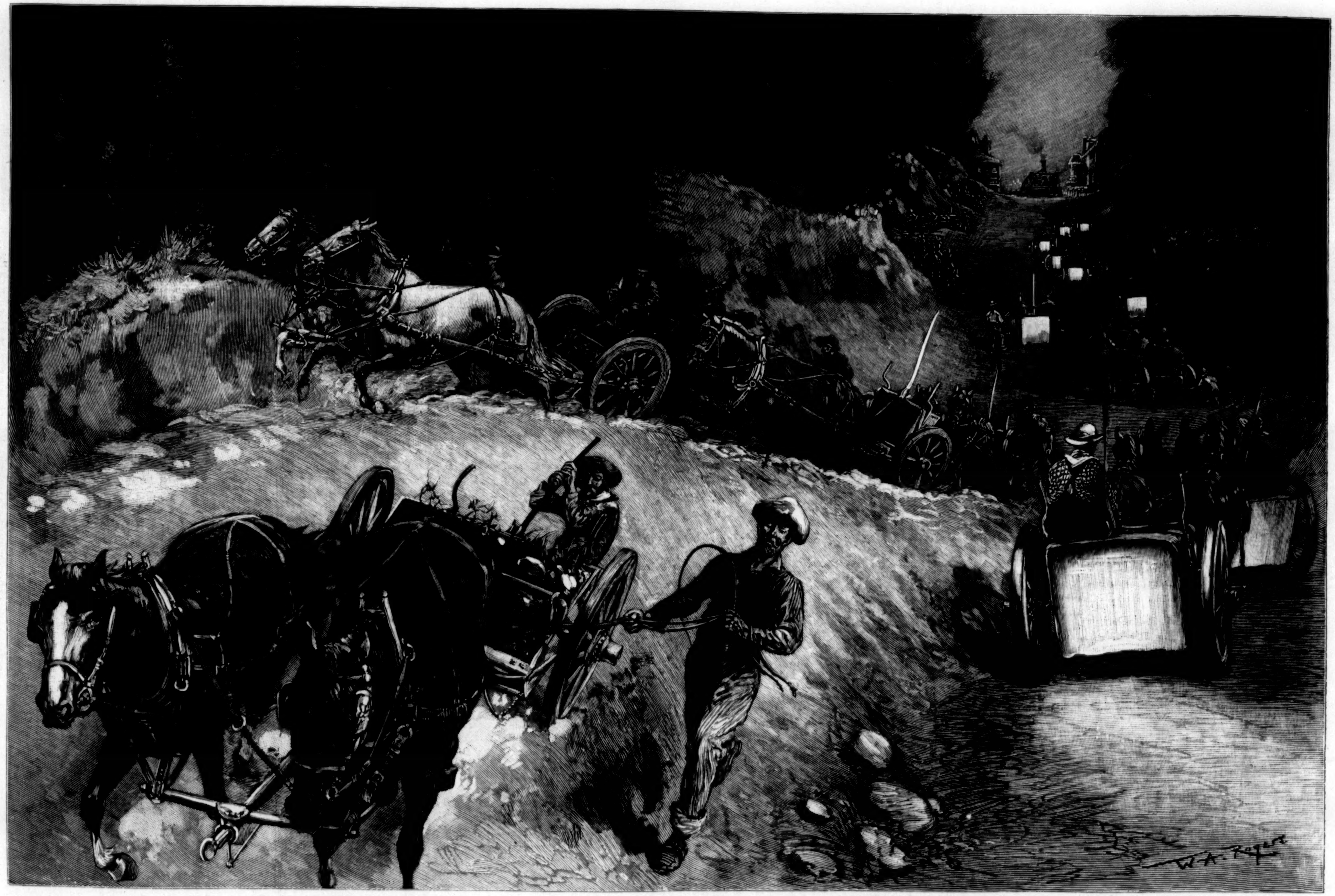
IT'S A POOR RULE THAT DON'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

"Come, hurry up there! I can't wait all day!"

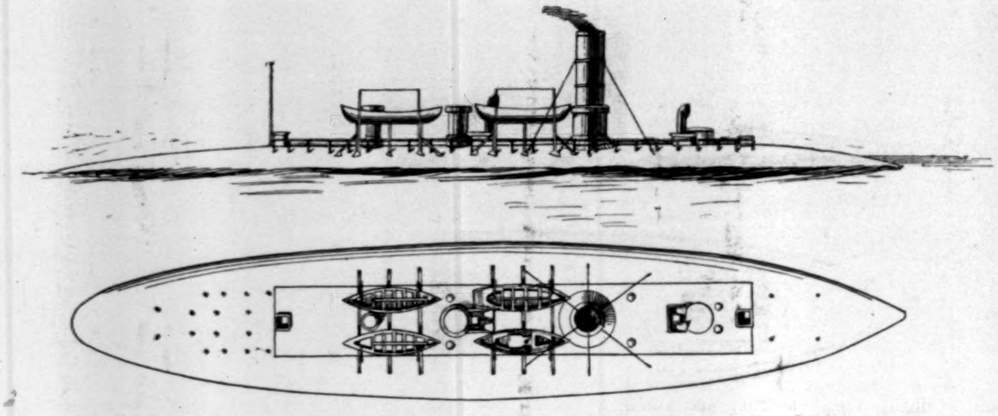
"Come, hurry up there! my time's valuable!"



RUNNING A COYOTE WITH HOUNDS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 830.]



MAKING A NEW STREET IN THE SUBURBS OF ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 831.]



BROADSIDE VIEW AND DECK PLAN.

THE HARBOR-DEFENCE RAM.

OUR cut represents the ram for harbor defence for the construction of which proposals are about to be asked by the Navy Department. This ram is what is generally known as the "Ammen ram," owing to the fact that a design for a ram was prepared by Admiral Ammen, U.S.N., and submitted by him to the Naval Advisory Board, which reported in its favor in 1881, and that the act of March 2, 1889, which authorizes the construction of this vessel, specifies that "it shall be of the type approved by the Naval Advisory Board." Many modifications have, however, been made in the original design by the Board of Construction. No amount was specified in the act as a limit of cost for the ram, but it is probable that her actual expense to the government when completed will be not less than $1,500,000. Of the vessels of the new navy already appropriated for, all but four are under contract, or will be in a few weeks. These four are the submerging Monitor, which may never be built, the *Vesuvius* No. 2, the torpedo cruiser of 750 tons, and the torpedo-boat of a little larger size than the *Cushing*. The last two will be advertised for very soon. In regard to the ram, she is designated as "a twin-screw, armor-plated, harbor-defence ram," and the principal features are: length over all, 243 feet; length on load water-line, 242 feet 9 inches; extreme breadth, 43 feet 5 inches; breadth, water-line, 41 feet 10 inches; draught amidships, 15 feet; displacement, 2050 tons; indicated horse-power, 4800; speed, 17 knots. The vessel is designed upon the longitudinal and bracket system, with an inner bottom extending from the collision bulkhead to the stern. The vertical keel, two longitudinals and armor shelf on each side of the vertical keel, are to be water-tight, forming, transversely, six compartments, these being divided longitudinally by water-tight frames. By this means the space between the inner and outer skin is subdivided into 72 compartments. The transverse and longitudinal bulkheads between inner skin and deck armor divide this space into 30 compartments, making a total of 102 compartments in the vessel. The vessel is to be provided with a removable wrought-steel ram head, to be accurately fitted and securely held in position in the cast-steel stem.

The outside strake of the deck armor is to be 6 inches in thickness, the next strake inboard to taper in thickness in its breadth from 5½ inches to 2½ inches, the remainder of the deck plating to be 2½ inches in thickness, including the lower course of plating. The side armor to be two strakes in depth—the upper 6 inches in thickness, and the lower 3 inches—to be secured by bolts with countersunk heads, driven from the outside through wood backing of yellow pine and two backing plates each 20 pounds per square foot, and set up with nuts on rubber washers. All hatches through the armored deck to have battle plates, and the smoke-pipe and ventilators to have inclined armor 6 inches in thickness. The conning tower to be 18 inches in thickness.

The engines are triple expansion and of the horizontal type, each engine being in a separate compartment. There are four cylindrical, horizontal fire-tube boilers placed in two water-tight compartments. The engines are to develop 4800 horse-power under forced draught, with a corresponding speed of 17 knots.

The vessel is to be submerged to fighting trim by means of 14 8-inch Kingston valves, one in each transverse water-tight compartment of the double bottom, and sluice valves will be fitted in the vertical keel and the water-tight longitudinals in these compartments. The foul air is to be exhausted from all parts of the vessel by means of blowers in engine and fire rooms; the fresh air to be supplied from main ventilator through air ducts led along the under side of deck forward and aft. The only projections above the armor deck are the conning tower, smoke-pipe, ventilators, hatch coamings, and skid beams upon which the boats are supported. The vessel has no armament, and is to rely entirely upon ramming for her offensive powers.

WASHINGTON WOMEN.

THERE was never a kingdom without its queen. It is not true, however, that a woman is at the bottom of all mischief, by which is meant, in this connection, that woman has not always to do with political events. Men and nations have too many causes of quarrel, have too many inspirations to action, to warrant the selection of one cause out of the myriad as the controlling influence of the world. It is somewhat the fashion to think of women as exerting a strong power over the men who govern states, and there are historic examples sustaining the reflection. There are Elizabeth, Catharine, and Victoria. Pericles sat at the feet of the Milesian beauty. The wives of our own Presidents are exceedingly interesting and much-talked-about figures in their various administrations. The whole country has participated in the discussion on the stirring questions of etiquette between the wives of the Supreme Court Judges and the wives of the Senators; in the ambitious English of the capital city these people are called "cabinet ladies" and "Senatorial ladies." The veriest tyro in European politics must have learned of the high esteem in which the members of the Primrose League of England hold themselves. Women have doubtless made and ruined statesmen. Generally, in an instance of ruin at all events, it is the man's own lookout, and no one else is especially injured. The generally gentler sex have been responsible for wars and for other national calamities. St. Evremond says, "Les piques du C. de Richelieu et du Duc de Buckingham pour une suscription de lettre, ont armé l'Angleterre contre la France."

And yet, notwithstanding the old and respectable theory, women have had very little to do with politics, and old-fashioned people, whose standard of feminine excellence is that of their wives and mothers, are rather glad of it. In France, in the old time, when the game of politics was the game of personal ambitions, woman had a supremacy in the intrigues of the court which she has never enjoyed since. The truth is, when nations began to be governed with some regard to the body of people who furnished forth the armies with which kings and nobles accomplished their objects, Frenchmen were rather amused by feminine political arts, and one of their writers has ungallantly propounded the theory that the myth which represents Minerva as springing from the brain of Jove is intended to signify that wisdom never comes from the brain of woman.

However all this may be, the woman who exerts the best and most stimulating influence over men of affairs is the woman at home—the woman in whose company Antæus feels as if he were again in touch with refreshing and invigorating Mother Earth. The woman in politics, thus far in the world's history, has not been so lovable as her meeker and nobler sisters, and has not had that large share in man's especial work which common report has given her.

It is hardly fair to talk about the women of Washington in connection with Mr. Smedley's picture without explaining that while this particular woman is a type of a very interesting class, hers is not the only type of whom one thinks as a characteristic Washington woman.

There are three very distinct and well-defined feminine results produced by the social conditions of the capital. One of these is rarely in evidence. She is the hard-working, faithful, hopeful drudge of a poor public man for whom she has ambitions. If he were a farmer, she would be doing his housework for him, making and mending his clothes, cooking meals for him and his "help," crawling through the world a libel on the human form, and a beautiful incarnation of the divine principle of sacrifice. Since her husband is a member of Congress or a member of the cabinet, with nothing to live on but his salary, she writes his letters, sees that the wives of the leading politicians at home have a kindly feeling for her, is good to his friends, and hates his enemies. One cannot adequately describe the awful weariness of the life of the woman who is compelled by stress of circumstances to perform the drudgery of the American public man, nor the patience with which the burden is borne. She does it all for her love's sake, and because the man, who takes her sacrifice quite as a matter of course, may have time for the duties of statesmanship. She does her utmost to help him upward, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred she dies disappointed, having wasted her youth and energies in the fetid atmosphere of a Washington boarding-house.

The woman of society is more likely than this efficient slave to consider herself a force in politics. In the old countries, where much is accomplished by diplomacy, woman has a very definite part to play on the visible side of the art in which the man is supposed to be an adept. She presides over the household, and if she does it with impressiveness and splendor, she may aid her husband in convincing an Oriental despot that he represents a nation with whose feelings it is not well to trifle. If she is adroit in her tactics with other women, and judicious and lucky in her "affairs," she may learn secrets of importance to the nation which she cleverly helps to represent. If she is the spouse of a Minister Resident, she will be cruelly snubbed through the lorgnettes of the ambassadresses; but if she have genius and courage, she will conquer these women, for she will almost invariably have the advantage of youth, and often of beauty. Then, when she has made the official precedence of the ambassadors a mere matter of form, and when she has surrounded herself with a brilliant court, from the midst of which she may have the satisfaction of looking with pity upon her deserted and desolate old rivals, she will have won the respect and admiration of crowned heads. But, after all, what will it accomplish? How often has a woman won a state secret? Most of the men of the diplomatic corps are seared and hardened; they are far more likely to put the wife of a rival on the wrong scent than to gush out secrets after the leaky fashion of sentimental youth.

In this country we have diplomats, but no diplomacy. The corps of foreign men and women who go to Washington to represent their sovereigns near the government of the republic try to do very little in the way of serious business, and accomplish much less. They are principal factors in society, but there are no ambassadors in the United States; there is, therefore, hardly any official rivalry, and the women of the corps have little occupation except to shine in a strictly American society.

It is a varied society that one finds in Washington, for it is composed of human examples from all sections of the country. Most of the women who take part in the fashionable functions are simply moved by a desire to get out of life all the fun there is in it, and in order to do that they devote themselves to toils from whose stupendous and tyrannical exactions strong men shrink with terror. There are some women, however, who are bent on other ends than sport, and who cultivate the friendship of such public men as have time to prate, over five o'clock tea-tables, about what they might accomplish. The work of this government being the work of legislation, the woman who proposes to be a force in politics must master the questions before Congress. It is difficult, however, in this practical land and age of ours for the ambitious woman to discover a legislator who is both congenial and well-informed. Only a very smart man—and smart men are exceptional—can drink tea at five o'clock every afternoon, dine out every evening, play poker, and make love until the small hours, and yet find time to prepare himself for a debate on steel armor tests, the free coinage of silver, or the place occupied by jute butts or binding twine in the economic system of the country. The woman who longs to influence the votes of Congressmen on important questions of legislation are too often compelled to gain their points from men who know as little as themselves, and who can never learn any more.

Whether woman has or has not a genius for legislation must be left for solution to those new States of the Union where she has the right to vote and to make laws. In Washington she loves to talk about the tariff, but she is baffled by its intricacies. One opinion she entertains concerning it, however, that cannot be eradicated by the most eloquent or most popular of preachers. She knows that it is a law against the inalienable right of smuggling, and that it is therefore the duty of all firm friends of human freedom to violate it on every opportunity. Of course, there are a few women who seriously and earnestly bend their minds to the consideration of great public questions, who talk as intelligently concerning them as the best men, and much better and more understandingly than the member of Congress who learns how to vote from his party leader. It would be impolite not to mention these exceptional women, because they insist upon being considered representatives of their sex. Still I must insist upon the privilege of confining myself to the consideration of the average woman of society, whose strongest infusion of statesmanship is obtained at a breakfast in a Senate committee-room—the clever woman who reads novels and loves art and elegance and luxury, and who is *intriguante* enough to understand the game of politics, if she is not industrious enough or interested enough to master the art of government; the woman who is sufficiently concerned to take sides intuitively, and to make agreement with her views, not about policies, but about men, a condition precedent to her friendliness.

It is when politics enter upon the personal phase that the woman shines. If she has a brother, a husband, or a dear friend who is in one or the other of the military services, she besieges members of Congress, cabinet officers, the crusty and inapproachable general or admiral who is on duty at the capital, and if she does not get for her favorite a pleasant station, a long leave of absence, or whatever else she may plead for, it is not for lack of persistence or adroitness. It is when the women drop their arguments and take to their own peculiar arts that they are powerful, and to be feared.

If you are a Congressman with decided and independent views of your own, you must avoid one thing as you would the pestilence—the woman whose husband is interested in a piece of legislation to which you are opposed, or of whose future aspirations you do not approve. Do not take her in to dinner unless you must. Do not be beguiled into quiet corners with her. Do not heed her suggestions for long walks, or for any other of the joint frivolities indigenous to the capital. So long as she endeavors to secure your allegiance by argument, you are safe, but you will not find out that she is not a match for you in dialectics much sooner than she will make the discovery for herself. And then, when she throws logic to the winds, you are in difficulties. You will then realize the bitterness of regretting that you ought not to grant the favor, the refusal of which will "disappoint your dearest friends." There is no good woman in Washington or elsewhere who does not know absolutely that her husband is always right, and who does not believe that the men who oppose him have some secret and iniquitous motive for doing so. When the help-mate of a silver Senator begs a representative of the commercial and grasping East to support a free-coinage measure, she is asking him a favor indeed, but a favor that he should the more willingly grant because he would be thereby doing his duty. She may know that such a vote would cost the man his career, but this only awakens her to greater effort, and to a nobler conception of the duty of independent and conscientious action. There is, indeed, in all this universe no created thing that soars so high in the pursuit of her quarry as your good woman.

But law-making is a flat and profitless occupation compared with the struggle for the Presidency. No one who has not breathed it can conceive of the social atmosphere of Washington while a campaign for the Presidency is in progress. And especially is the disturbance great before the Conventions are held and the nominations made. Women are like men in politics; they love their enemies of the other party, and hate their friends of their own. The struggle for a nomination excites more bitterness than a struggle for an election. When the contest begins to assume form, a year maybe before the result is reached, the rival salons are in full blast, and the personal feeling grows in intensity until the vote is taken, and the battle lost and won. Who that was in Washington on the pleasant summer day when Mr. Blaine won and Mr. Arthur lost will ever forget the sadness of the conquered women and the noisy elation of the victors? To a thoroughly admirable woman, all who oppose her affectionate desires must be entirely governed by malice and all uncharitableness.

After all, even in the households of the Washington women who are enamored of the game of politics statecraft is not the important concern. There are no more domestic and no cleverer women anywhere than you will find in the delightful society of the capital. They who play at politics are so few, and they who exert their graceful talents for the delights of life are so many, that the former are only to be counted because they are those whose lives and characters are most affected by the touch of the government.

There is another type of woman to be found nowhere except in the capital, and it has furnished the model for Mr. Smedley's picture. Is she in the lobby? Probably not. There is a vast and unjust ignorance respecting that abused institution. The women of the lobby are on the seamy side of the experiences of the capital. They are so few, so uninfluential, so altogether pitiful, that they are not worth the powder of the great reformer. They are there, of course, and their acts are bad, but they are so well known that they can accomplish nothing. Like the men of their profession, they stamp the cause in which they are employed with ruin. No Congressman would like to be seen talking with one of them; no Congressman, unless he were very young or very hardened, would answer the card of one of them, and expose himself in Statuary Hall, to the gaze of the passing multitude.

The victim of the government is the object at the capital most entitled to commiseration. There are widows of officers who have died after faithful service to the country, leaving nothing for the support of those who survive them; widows and orphans of men whose property or services have been taken by the government, which of all other governments is the most unjust and dishonorable in its relations with its creditors; Union women whose substance was consumed years ago by the armies of the country which now refuses compensation. There are the widows of public men who seek for modest places under government for themselves or their families. There are the wives and daughters of men who have been ruthlessly turned out of employment because their places have been "wanted" for the followers of some politician, whose mercy is begged for with the certainty that it will be refused. There are sadder stories than any I have suggested—stories of brutal men and of brave and suffering women.

All these women frequent the lobbies of the Capitol, asking for pensions, for the money that is their due, for employment, for redress. Congressmen are often annoyed by them, and are often at their wits' end to discover some means for helping them. They are doubtless very persistent, and not conducive to the comfort of legislators who love to do nothing, nor to those whose serious duties are engrossing. They are sometimes treated rudely, but generally they are received courteously, and listened to attentively. Many a poor woman is earning bread and a home for herself and her children through the kind offices of a member of Congress; but most of the applicants for charity or justice go away empty-handed, and there is no worse place than a capital for a woman who does not possess the defence of pecuniary independence.

These three types of Washington women are due to the influences of the political life of the capital. Women are interested in the affairs of their husbands, or they should be, and as you shall find in New York the woman who knows the difference between a "put" and a "call," so you shall find in Washington the woman who knows when the caucuses are to be held in her home, and who are the men who will control them; the woman who understands what alliances her husband ought to make; and the woman who has learned the methods by which claims are prosecuted or government employment obtained. And yet all these constitute but a minority of the women of Washington. Besides these, there are the wisest of their sex, whose sympathies do not lead them into the field of men, but who inspire and console.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

OUR "ARAB COLONY."

IN Greenwich and Washington streets, on the west side of New York, lives the so-called "Arab colony." The two dilapidated houses in question are in reality head-quarters and not homes for the nine hundred odd peddlers who have come here from the Mohammedan countries to manufacture and sell the goods of their native lands. The "Arab" himself, as the American small boy is wont to call the red-fezzed dealer in Oriental wares, is seldom or never an Arab. The few members of that Semitic race who do cross the ocean are circus performers or other athletes. Those who are erroneously known by the name are Armenians, Greeks, Turkish half-breeds, Syrians, Copts, and human mongrels from Asia Minor. Many of them have so much negro or negroid blood in their veins as to be as dark-complexioned as Malays or Cuban mestizoes. As a class, they are of medium height, well-proportioned, thin, and muscular. They are clever, genial, orderly, patient, and indefatigable, but ignorant, clannish, intolerant, fierce, and vengeful.

They are brutal; not like Gilbert's British coster "jumping on his mother," nor the American tough seeking a brawl at every opportunity, but in the manner which marks the passionate but slavish masses of the East—the manner which sets three men to attack one, which thrusts the poniard into the back of the foe, or dashes a heavy flower-pot from a window upon his head.

They waste no time on coming to the New World. On the voyage from the East they pick up enough English to express their wants and to do business. Immediately upon arrival they go to their colony and begin to work. A few remain here to do the necessary manufacturing, while the majority procure an assortment of goods, and start out upon the road. The goods which they sell are but few in kind, and comprise crucifixes, rosaries, glove boxes and card cases, which are said to be made out of wood from the Mount of Olives; ottar of rose and extract of orange flowers, put up in handsome cut-glass or fine crystal vials; Oriental jewelry and tinsel-work; soap from Mount Carmel and the Mount of Olives; Arabian candy; Turkish fig paste; and relics from the Holy Land. Nearly all the list consists of frauds and shams. One-third of the wooden goods are imported, but they come from Greece and Turkey, and never from Judæa; the other two-thirds are made in New York from scraps of the thoroughly seasoned timber found in the lumber yards of the great piano-forte factories. The ottar of rose is sometimes a mixture of this delightful perfume with twenty times its bulk of the oil of rose geranium, but more frequently it is a cheap and impure preparation of the latter liquid. The jewelry and tinsel-work come from ingenious imitators in France, Belgium, and Germany. The soap and candy are of American manufacture, and that of the poorest and worst kind.

The peddler, with a choice assortment from this worthless lot, sets out after fortune. In the great cities he does little or no business, finding too many shrewder rascals to warrant competition. What sales he makes there are chiefly of ottar of rose and candy. In the small cities and towns he finds his harvest fields, and quickly disposes of his goods. His commercial system is simple, and essentially Asiatic. He asks ten times as much for his wares as he will in reality accept, and twenty times what they are worth. He employs importunity, eloquence, mendacity, sympathy, and even fear to secure a customer, but, to his credit be it said, rewards every purchaser with a gratitude and obeisance that would be dignity itself were it not for their suggestiveness of servility.

His stock sold, he hastens back to the head-quarters, partly to rest awhile and partly to make ready for another trip. Here he and his colleagues compare notes, and gather information regarding their next routes. In this respect they show a commercial spirit worthy of a Yankee. Each contributing the facts of his experience to the common fund at the head-quarters, they obtain a complete knowledge of the business opportunities of every route and place, and even figure out the profits which each of these yields when properly "worked" by the craft.

Their ambition is not very great. A few thousand dollars means opulence in the little towns of Asia Minor, and this seems always the goal of their labors. With good luck they reach it in three or four years; with ill, in six or seven. They then shake the dust of the giaour from their feet, and sail toward Mecca.

While their mode of life at the head-quarters is modified by American surroundings and conditions, it affords glimpses of Oriental habits far from artistic. They are not clean. They may sell, but they seldom use soap. Man, raiment, furniture, and room are singularly innocent of water. They perform the Moslem rite of washing the face and hands with religious exactitude, but they follow the strict letter of the law. On neck and wrist are the high-water marks which the ocean of worship makes upon the shores of sloth. They sleep on rags and straw, shavings and débris in preference to beds. They eat and drink sparingly for days or even weeks, and then gorge themselves to repletion. Their cook and chamber-maid is some light-witted youth or infirm friend unable to go about, and whom they tyrannize and abuse in the most approved Turkish style. Yet they are kind in their way, nursing their sick, aiding the unlucky, and instructing the tyro. Despite the injunctions of the prophet, they drink regularly though with moderation. At rare intervals they celebrate some event, and get drunk like true Christians. But the orgies are confined to their own rooms, and are never had in public. Only twice in the police annals of the metropolis has the turbaned faithful fallen into the hands of the infidel M. P. He likes the great republic in a mild way, and is perplexed, even up to the hour of his departure, that no cadi, or tax-gatherer, takes from him the lion's share of his earnings. As a result he is coming in slowly increasing numbers, but so far as can be seen will never flock across the ocean in such swarms as are now issuing from Italy, Hungary, Bohemia, Russia, and Poland.

A NITRO-GLYCERINE EXPERIENCE.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

"WANT to go well-shooting, do you?" said my friend the broker as we stood in the Petroleum Exchange at Oil City. "Well, every one to his taste. Now nothing would induce me to travel with a torpedo-man. However, I'll fix it for you."

I was thereupon introduced to a quiet young man, who said he was a well-shooter, was going to torpedo a well some six miles out in the country at daylight the next morning, and would be very glad to have me go with him.

At four o'clock the following morning I awaited, at the stable where he kept his spirited team, the coming of my new friend. A few minutes later he appeared, bearing on his shoulder a bundle of new tin tubes ten feet long and two and five inches in diameter.

The torpedo-wagon in which we were to ride was an open single-seated box buggy hung on the lightest and most delicate of steel springs. The seat was hinged and swung forward. Beneath it was a strong box divided into six square padded compartments. To my great relief they were empty.

While a sleepy hostler was harnessing the team—two jet-black spirited young animals, for a torpedo-man prides himself upon the mettle of his horses—my companion affixed to the left-hand side of the buggy two curved iron rests, something like those placed at the back of a victim's head by a photographer. They were also padded, and in them was laid and securely lashed the bundle of tin tubes. In the buggy, behind the seat, were placed a heavy iron reel on which were wound some two thousand feet of stout oil-soaked cord, a coil of fuse, another of small wire, and a "go-devil." As we took our places and the lively team sprang away, I ventured to remind the torpedo-man that he had forgotten his nitro-glycerine.

"Oh, no, I haven't," he laughed. "I am not allowed to bring it into town, but keep it in several small magazines some miles out in the woods, near the different roads that I have to travel. There is one not far from the well we are going to shoot this morning, so that we sha'n't have to drive more than a mile with the stuff aboard."

The morning air seemed to intoxicate our team, for they danced along the road, occasionally springing from side to side in mock terror of a stump, a black bowlder, or the puff of steam from a pumping-engine. These exhibitions of equine recklessness and disregard of consequences were by no means reassuring, and would have been most alarming had the "stuff" been under our buggy seat.

We passed several teams, and the moment their drivers caught sight of the gleaming tin tubes that denoted the character of our equipage, they drew as far as possible to the side of the road, and respectfully waited for us to pass.

"Oh yes," said the torpedo-man; "I always have all the room I want. Nobody ever crowds this outfit."

At length we were high up on the hill-top, where the hot morning sun had dissipated the mist that still lay like a soft gray blanket over the lowlands. All at once we turned sharply to the left, and directly into the dense forest. The trees had been cut from the rude trail that we now followed, but their stumps remained. Over these, over loose rocks, and through bog holes the active horses scrambled, and the light buggy bounced with such plunges and slides that it was difficult to retain one's seat.

"Is the magazine in here?" I asked.

"Yes; only a short distance ahead."

"You surely don't drive out this way with the glycerine aboard?"

"Why, of course. This is the only road. It isn't a first-class one, I'll allow; but if it was too good, inquisitive folks might be tempted to come in here. It's safe enough, though. The supply wagon came in here only the day before yesterday with a thousand pounds of the 'stuff,' and got through all right. There's the place now."

As he spoke, the torpedo-man halted his team in front of a small windowless building of rough boards, the single door of which was fastened by an ordinary padlock. In a conspicuous place on its front was nailed a sign that read: "Danger! Keep away from this building!" This sign fascinated me, so that I could hardly avert my gaze from it, even though I plucked a wild rose from a bush that leaned confidingly against the magazine, and pretended to be carelessly admiring its beauty.

"How much is there in there?" I asked.

"Oh, fifteen hundred quarts or so; enough, anyway, to blow Oil City out of sight," answered my companion as he unlocked the door and stepped inside.

Reflecting that the danger could be no greater in the building than ten feet from it, I followed him. The interior was packed full of square two-gallon tin cans, each of which had a handle on top and two cork-plugged vent-holes. They looked as though they might contain maple syrup or something equally harmless; but knowing what they really did hold started the perspiration on my forehead as I gazed at them.

Taking two at a time, the torpedo-man set four of the cans on the ground outside the magazine, and relocked the door. Then drawing a sharp steel instrument that looked like an ice-pick from his boot-leg, he dug out one of the tightly driven corks from each can, and examined its contents to satisfy himself that it was full. They were. Then the corks were replaced, and as I handed them one at a time up to him, he gently set the packages into the padded compartments provided for them, and in another minute we were driving away from the lonely magazine over the stumps, rocks, and bog holes of the horrible trail, with 120 pounds of nitro-glycerine, liable to explode with the slightest concussion, snugly stowed beneath our seat.

The ride over that rough forest trail was altogether too exciting to be enjoyable. It was like being confined in the crater of a volcano known to be on the eve of an eruption, and the main road, when reached, seemed a haven of safety. The remaining mile of our drive was made without incident, though we drove at what appeared to me a reckless pace, the torpedo-man saying that we were a little late.

At last we turned in through a pair of bars, and, crossing a field, came to a new derrick that marked the well we were to shoot. The horses were securely hitched to a tree, and the contents of the buggy were carried to the well, where the reel was made fast to a stout post. From there its cord, which terminated in an iron hook, was carried through a block hung directly above the pipe that extended a thousand feet down into the earth. A number of drillers and other men interested in the well, who had been lounging about the derrick, left in a body as the torpedo-man entered it, carrying two cans of nitro-glycerine, and I followed with two more. They walked off to a respectful distance, and there sat down to await developments.

Then we—for I now found myself installed as chief assistant—proceeded to business. First the small tin tubes were jointed together until they formed a pipe sixty feet long, and were thrust into the well, where I held them in position. This was the "anchor," and its duty was to support the large tubes, or "shells," at the proper distance above the bottom of the deep hole. Next one of the larger—ten feet long—tubes, that had a funnel-like end, was fitted into the upper anchor tube, and I was instructed to let the whole slip down until only a foot of the shell projected above the surface. Then the torpedo-man withdrew the corks from the glycerine cans, and slowly but steadily poured the contents of two of them into the shell. It seemed as though that ten-foot drop must afford a concussion sufficient to produce an explosion, and I am certain that as the first drops of the oily-looking stuff fell to the bottom of the shell my heart ceased its beating. The cool steadiness of the torpedo-man, and his evident knowledge of what he was about, reassured me, however, so that I not only held the first shell while it was being filled, but the second, to which the first was attached by hooks of copper wire.

When both shells were filled and hooked on to the stout cord that dangled above the well, a percussion-cap was placed under the firing-pan, a small iron plate loosely fixed in the upper end of the torpedo, and the whole was let cautiously down a thousand feet into the bosom of the earth. I was told that the last three hundred feet of its passage were through a body of oil and water, that would act as tamping for the shot.

When the torpedo rested on the bottom of the well, a slight jerk disengaged the line by which it had been lowered, and this was reeled in. Then the torpedo-man said, interrogatively,

"I suppose you would like to drop the 'go-devil'?"

"Certainly," I answered. I felt that I had gone too far to recede from any part of the undertaking now, and so I prepared to drop the "go-devil."

It was a four-flanged bit of cast-iron, about a foot long, and pointed at the lower end. It weighed some ten pounds, and was just large enough to slip readily down the well pipe.

The torpedo-man went to unfasten the horses, and get them started away before the explosion should take place, leaving me alone in the derrick, holding the bit of iron that was to unloose the awful force lying so quietly at the bottom of the well. In another minute he shouted, "Let her go!" I dropped the "go-devil," and as it whizzed downward on its errand of destruction, ran with the speed of a sprinter.

I was a hundred yards away when there came a dull, muffled roar, followed by a sharp crack that sounded like the explosion of a percussion-cap, and accompanied by a slight jar of the earth. A few seconds later a solid column of black oil mounted fifteen or twenty feet above the mouth of the well, where it seemed to remain stationary for a moment. Then from out of it burst a magnificent fountain of oil and water, that, shooting to a height of nearly a hundred feet, broke in a great cloud of amber-colored spray. Directly afterward a flood of oil poured back to the earth, drenching the new derrick and its adjacent buildings, and dedicating them forever to the service of petroleum.

The shot had been a perfect success, and before the drifting cloud of oily spray was wholly dissipated, the torpedo-man and I were driving rapidly from the scene of our triumph, homeward bound.

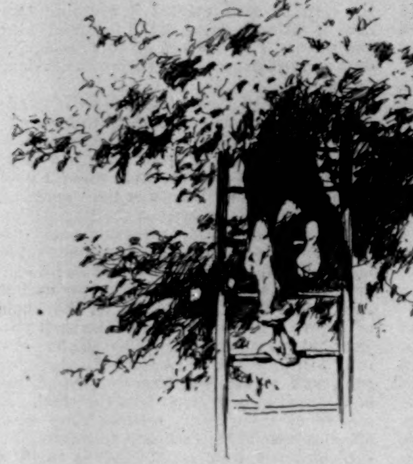
But one more duty remained to be performed. We still had the empty glycerine cans, in one of which was about half a pint of the terrible explosive. Even the glycerine film that still clung to the sides of each one of these empty cans was sufficiently powerful to have blown us into eternity, and we were anxious to dispose of this dangerous remnant as speedily as possible. For this purpose we halted in the first bit of lonely forest. The four cans were laid beside a huge stump, and behind them we piled a number of rocks. A bit of fuse had been prepared with a cap at one end of it. This cap was now inserted in the open mouth of one of the cans, from which the fuse projected about a foot.

When all was ready, the torpedo-man drove the team to a safe distance. As he disappeared I touched a lighted match to the fuse, and again ran, leaving it hissing viciously among the dry leaves.

The explosion was tremendous, and its echoes rolled away among the hills like the roar of a hundred-pound gun. Where it had taken place there was no vestige of the stump nor of the cans, the rocks had been reduced to powder, and only a great hole in the ground remained.

Half an hour later we were safely back in Oil City. As I bade the torpedo-man good-by he said: "Come round whenever you feel like taking another ride. I like to have fellows along who don't mind the stuff."

I thanked him, and said I would; but I doubt if I shall ever feel like tempting nitro-glycerine again.

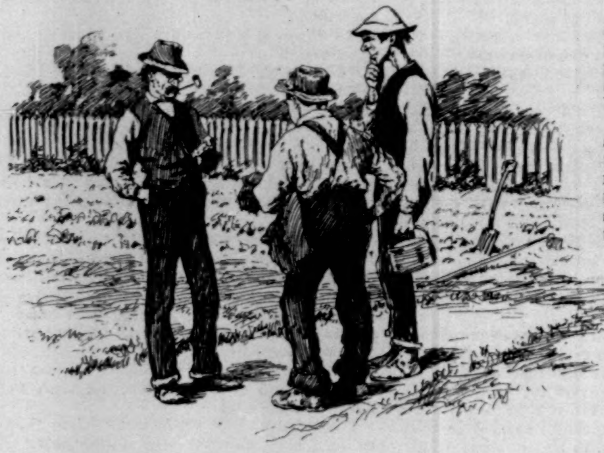


FARMING.

X.

THE happiness and independence of the farmer depend largely upon the difference between the amount of his regular expenses and his precarious income. If his income were as sure as his expenses, he would be about as independent as he is popularly painted.

I noticed before I had been farming a great while that the men employed upon the place never allowed their wages to go five minutes past due, and by various impressions of their anatomies upon the clover, I could picture to myself the blissfulness of their airy repose when their brows should have been bound up with victorious sweat; and while contemplating these evidences of the imposition of my men, I would wonder how soon the check, long past due, would arrive to fill my cup with joy, and have a little flow over in the saucer.

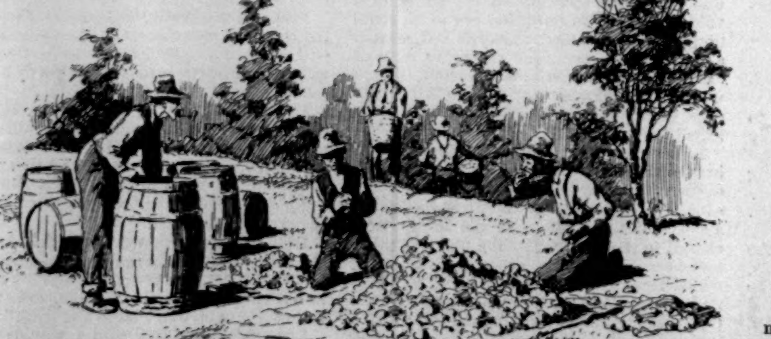


At this time I was expecting a check from a firm of city commission merchants, known as Messrs. Whittle & Cuttle—one of a class that carries on a quiet campaign that makes the farmer's life a burden, while it provides itself with the luxuries of the Orient.

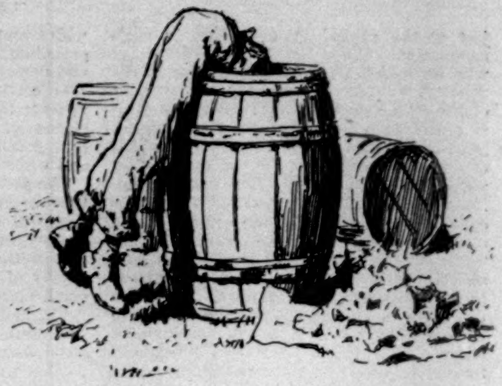
I was recommended to send my pears to one of these merchant pirates, and not knowing them to be hostile to all interests save their own, followed the advice so freely given, and employed a number of people to do the picking and packing—competent people, who would pick only the finest specimens, and pack them carefully that they might bring the highest market price.

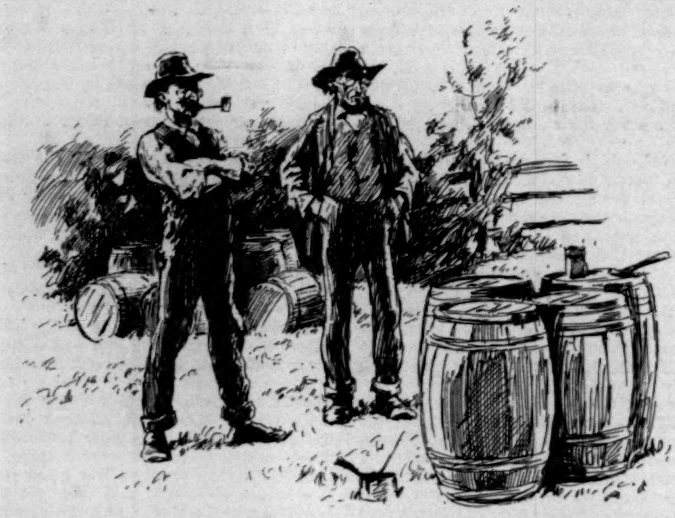
To tell the truth, the matter of the gathering of these fruits was not totally devoid of pleasure. There was a sociability about it that was not entirely without a strange peculiar charm, and it was productive of much information that until that time was not a part and parcel of my knowledge of the mysteries of fruit raising.

I learned that when the professional picker is picking cherries by the quart, he will include as many twigs as possible, that the measure may be quickly filled, and that when he picks for himself, and pays so much per quart for what he picks, he not only doesn't pick any twigs, but leaves the cherry stems on the tree, carefully plucking the luscious ox-hearts therefrom.



Only the choicest specimens were picked, as I remarked before, and these were packed as carefully as though intended for shipment to China. They were carefully wrapped in paper separately and apart from their companions, and set in the barrel with the painful regularity of bricks. I still have a vivid recollection of the discomfort I experienced while hanging over the barrel edge by the stomach, and working away with my head bobbing about inside. Of course I was willing to suffer a reasonable amount of distress when my fancy painted such golden results, such Golcondas of pristine coin, as would come from my shipment of pears at the rate of about six dollars per bushel.





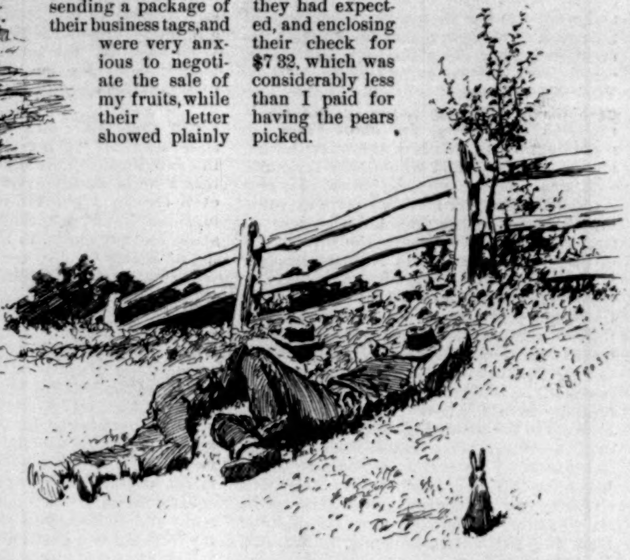
Having entered into a correspondence with the commission pirates, those unworthies lost no time in sending a package of their business tags, and were very anxious to negotiate the sale of my fruits, while their letter showed plainly how solicitous they were for my general health and welfare.

It was, indeed, a treat to know of the existence of such persons; and when my twenty barrels were carefully packed so that they were one solid pear, so to speak, and could be rolled around to any extent without breaking or "squashing," as Mr. Van Sickle termed it, I carted them to Cranberry Corners, and they were soon on their way from the howling wilderness to the howling metropolis.

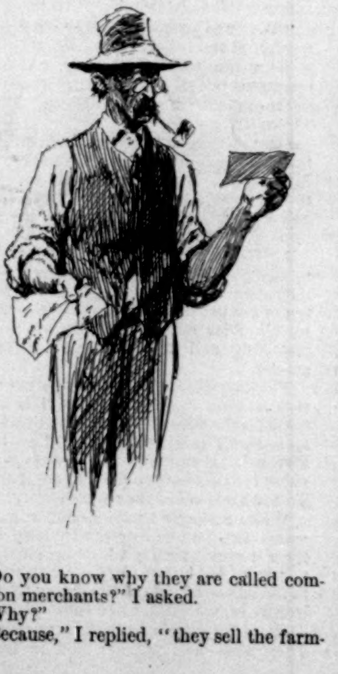
I had made no bargain with Messrs. Whittle & Cuttle, the pirates of the main thoroughfare, as to price, as I understood they would get as much as possible on account of their working on commission. I will say that I really expected to receive fifteen dollars per barrel for them, and that I looked to that three hundred dollars to cancel the amount expended on a blind drain that was so worthless that when I paid for it I arose with the wrath of a potentate of the effete East, and wildly exclaimed, "Blind drain me no blind drains," or words to that effect.

After a week had elapsed I began to wonder if the pirates, Messrs. Whittle & Cuttle, had received the pears, neither realizing nor believing that they had already sold them for twenty-five dollars per barrel, and put the proceeds into bonds against a rainy day. Another week drifted by, and still another, and not a word of advice from the pirates, who appropriated the stamp enclosed for a reply.

I knew that the pears were sold, unless they had miscarried or spoiled on their hands. At any rate, they paid no attention whatever to my letters until long after the winter had passed, when, probably wishing to "do" me another season, they wrote me a brief letter saying the pears were not what they had expected, and enclosing their check for $7 32, which was considerably less than I paid for having the pears picked.



"I would let the fruit spoil on the trees," exclaimed Phillada, indignantly, "before I would send more to a commission merchant."



"Do you know why they are called commission merchants?" I asked.

"Why?"

"Because," I replied, "they sell the farmers' products, keep the principal for themselves, and give the guileless agriculturist a trifling percentage. It is the farmer who works—his farm—on commission.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

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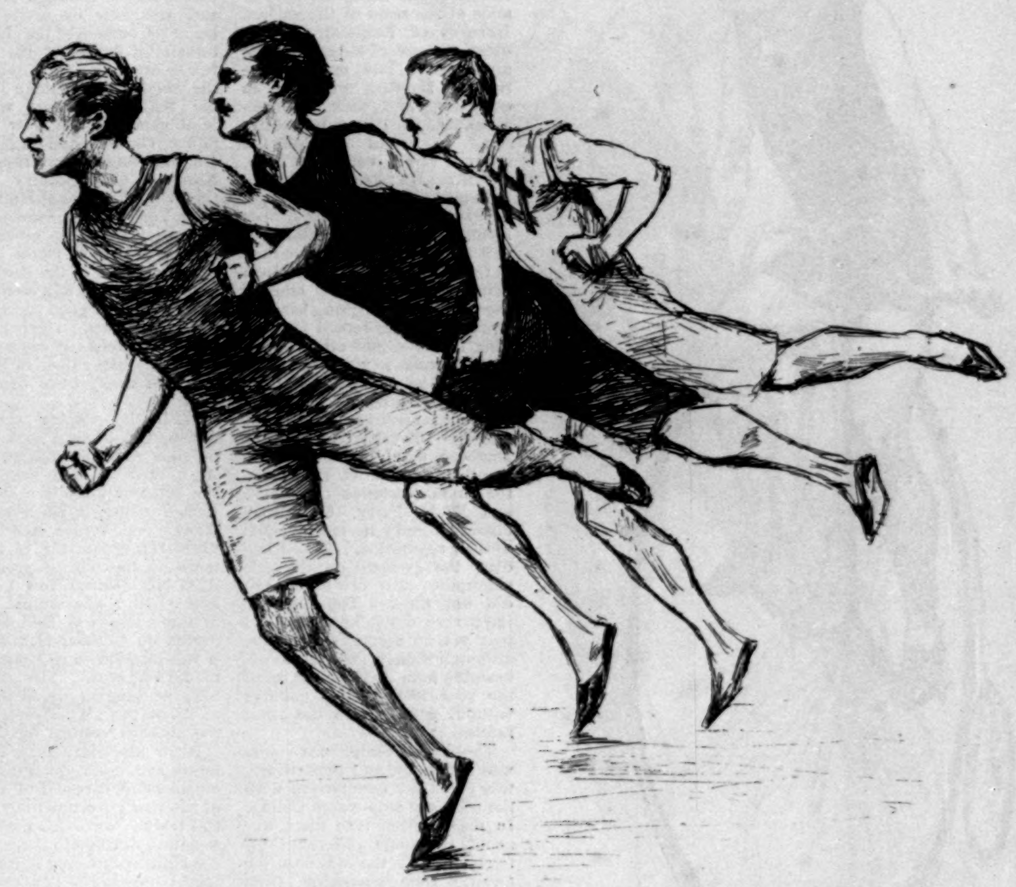
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THE ATHLETIC SEASON OF 1890.

BY CHARLES P. SAWYER.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. GIBSON FROM SKETCHES MADE AT THE THIRD ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION OF THE UNITED STATES.



JOHN OWEN, JUN., LOWERS THE 100-YARD RUN RECORD TO 9⅘ SECONDS.

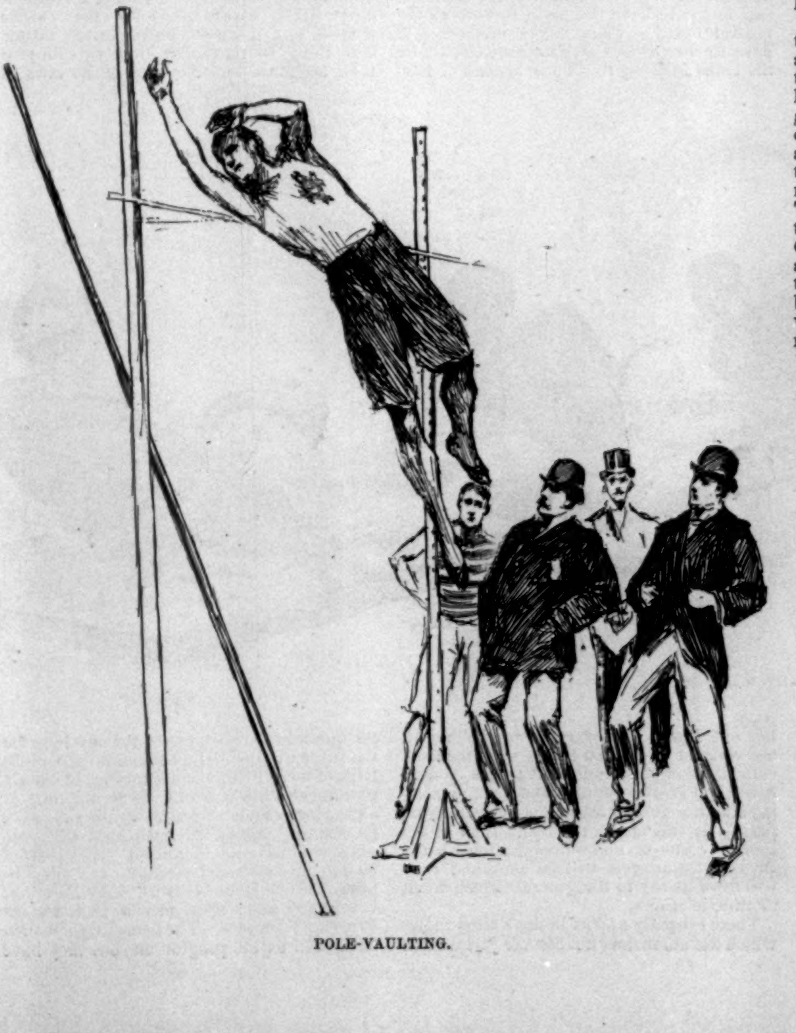
WITH the championship contests of the Amateur Athletic Union, in Washington, D.C., on Saturday, October 11th, the field and track contests of amateur athletes in this country for the season of 1890 practically came to an end. All during the year the young men of the many athletic organizations have been striving to overcome the records left by the fleet runners, agile jumpers, and strong men of the past, as well as to leave their rivals of the present day far behind. In no previous year have there been so many meetings of athletic clubs. Records which have stood for years have been broken in several instances, and the mark has been set so high that there is little probability of its being upset for many years to come. The most notable instance of record breaking took place in Washington at the meeting before spoken of, when, in the presence of an immense crowd of people, with the fleetest of sprinters beside him, J. Owen, Jun., ran 100 yards in 9⅘ seconds—a record which has never before been made by an amateur, and it is exceedingly doubtful if any professional ever succeeded in covering the distance in so short a space of time. The track was in excellent condition; the starting was in the hands of George Turner, the smartest of his kind in America; and six watches, in the hands of the most experienced timers to be had, stopped at the same point, that is, 9⅘ seconds. His rivals were but a short distance behind him, Luther Carey being second, and Fred Westing third; all of them within 10 seconds. The contest was well worth the journey to Washington.

At the same meeting the running broad jump record was set at 23 feet 3⅛ inches, by A. F. Copland, only an eighth of an inch beyond the record held by Malcolm W. Ford since August 14, 1886. There was some dispute over this record, it being claimed that the track was a trifle down-hill. This is denied, however, and the distance made will undoubtedly be accepted as official. C. A. J. Queckberner, the muscular weight-thrower, tossed the 56-pound weight 32 feet 10 inches, and a new record was the result. The 120-yard hurdle race was won by F. Ducharme in 16 seconds, not breaking a record, but still equalling the best in the world. None of these men made their first appearance this year on the athletic track. Owen was the champion of 1889. Up to that time little had been heard of him. He is a member of the Detroit Athletic Club, and looks every inch a runner. He is about 5 feet 8 inches high, and weighs 125 pounds. His arms and legs are small, not remarkably muscular, but round and smooth; his body is short; his chest is not full, but there is plenty of room for a splendid pair of lungs. He runs with his head well up in the air, his arms up, and, with his clear skin and bright eyes, makes a perfect picture of youthful health. He gets into stride rapidly, seems to fairly fly over the ground, and is the best example of a sprinter ever seen in this country. Copland has been in athletics a number of years, and is well known to all lovers of the sport. Queckberner, too, is an old hand, and his symmetrical form, with great muscles standing out all over him through a dark olive skin, is a familiar sight at field meetings. Ducharme is a new man, this being his second season in championship contests. He was unsuccessful last year, the wet grass of the hurdle path on Travers Island throwing him in his first heat.

The meeting was probably the last at which the Bailey, Banks, & Biddle plaque will be a feature. The striving of the clubs to gain the greatest number of points at the meeting has not been a good thing for the general good of athletics. It has led to endeavors on the part of the larger clubs to absorb good athletes in the smaller clubs, and increase their chances at the expense of their fellow-members of the Amateur Athletic Union. The great struggle of the day was between the Manhattan and the New York Athletic Clubs. When night came the Manhattan athletes had carried the cherry diamond to the front with a score of 78 points, while the best the New York Athletic Club could do was 36. The Western organizations were represented by the Detroit Athletic Club with its 18 points. The surprises of the meeting were the defeat of Owen and Carey by Westing in the 220-yard dash, and the victory of H. L. Dadman in the half-mile run, W. C. Downs, of the New York Athletic Club, having been looked upon as a sure winner. Much disappointment was expressed at the absence of W. C. Dohm, the fastest man in America at the half-mile; W. D. Day, the distance runner; and J. P. Lee, the speediest man in the world over the low hurdles. Ducharme's victory over Williams in the high hurdles was a popular one, but entirely unexpected; while Frank P. Murray, an athlete who has been off the track for some years, delighted the spectators by returning to win the three-mile walk.

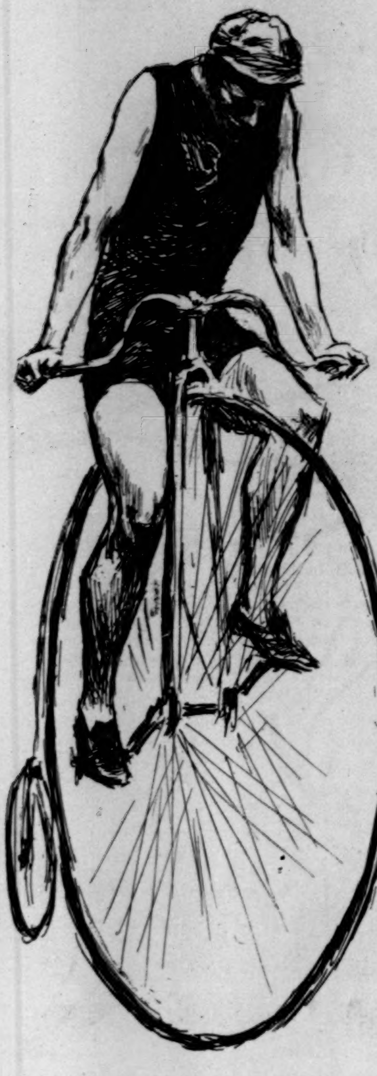
The season of 1890 opened with the handicap cross-country run of the National Cross-country Association, at Morris Park, New York. In the very worst kind of weather, over a muddy track, and in a cold and cutting wind, W. D. Day, of the New Jersey Athletic Club, established himself as the very first cross-country runner of America. He covered the 8 miles in 53 minutes, 34 seconds, starting from scratch, and running through a field of about 150. Then came the in-door championship meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union in Boston, on April 12th. It was the first that had been held in Boston, and an immense audience gathered to watch. There a new record was made for throwing the 56-pound weight for height, J. S. Mitchell tossing it 15 feet 2 inches into the air. Nearly all the cracks of America were present, good records were made, but that with the weight was the only new one. Then came the games of the Manhattan Athletic Club of New York city, the 1½-mile walk having the greatest interest.

Next to the championship contests of the Amateur Athletic Union, those of the Intercollegiate Association are most important. Most of the younger runners are developed here, and it is from the colleges generally that the ranks of the athletic clubs are filled. Each year some college brings out a new runner or jumper, and immediately the larger clubs strive to secure him as a member. It matters little what section of the country he comes from, so long as he can be of assistance in increasing the number of "points," which now seems to be the object of the clubs. The college championship went to Yale, after a hard struggle with Columbia, and its name will be the first on the new cup. Carey was expected to do much for Princeton, but in the sprints he was beaten by Sherrill. W. C. Dohm, of Princeton, ran the half-mile in 1 minute 57⅕ seconds, a new inter-collegiate record. It was in the 220-yard hurdle race that the excitement rose to an intense pitch. J. P. Lee, of Harvard; H. L. Williams, of Yale; and Herbert Mapes, of Columbia, were looked upon as certain to make magnificent contests; but outside of Harvard College few had any idea of the speed that was in Lee. He showed himself a hurdler of the very first class, and in the final heat covered the distance in 25¼ seconds, less than had ever been made before, and a complete surprise to nearly all of the thousands of people who were at the Berkeley Oval that pleasant Saturday afternoon. A new inter-collegiate record was also made in the pole vault, when Welch, of Columbia, and Ryder, of Yale, each cleared 10 feet 7 inches. The Eastern and the Western championship meetings showed nothing remarkable in the way of new men or new records, and the championships of the Pacific coast did not bring out any new men to send East for the general meeting of all amateurs. During the summer there were games on every Saturday among the smaller clubs, but the crack athletes rested quietly, waiting for



POLE-VAULTING.

the most important of all meetings — the championships at Washington.

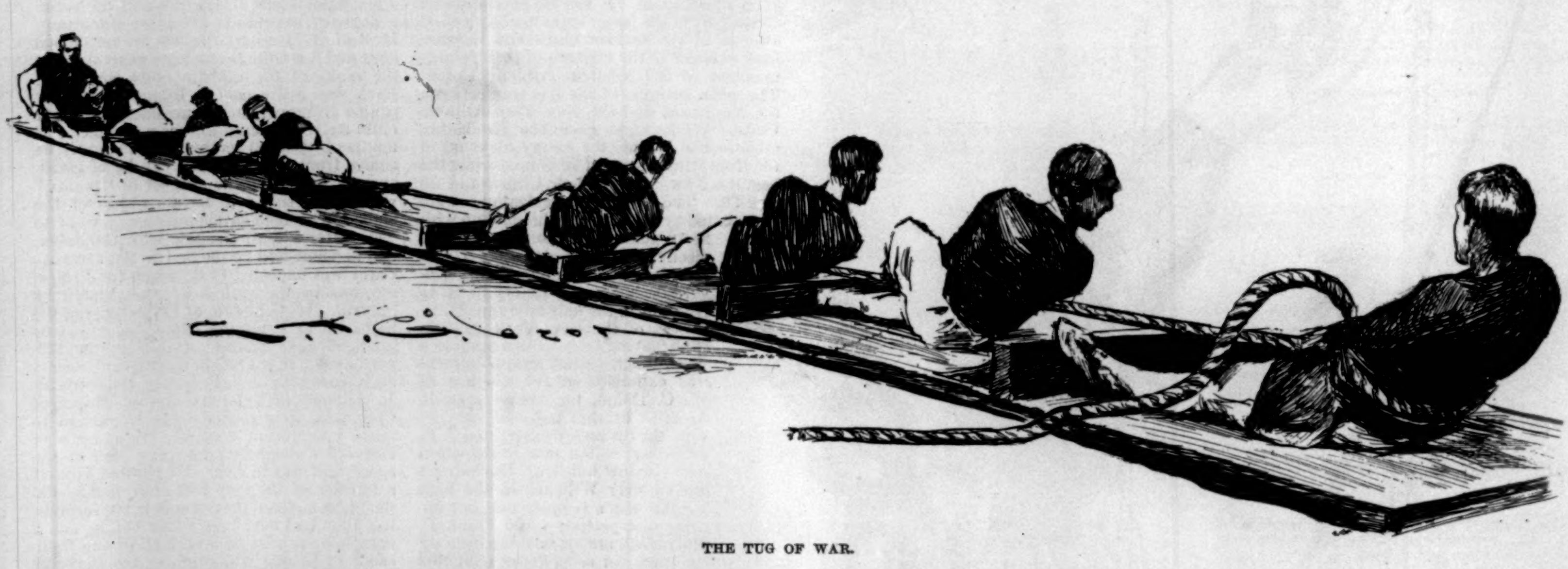


W. F. MURPHY.

After the summer was over, games were held here and there, but little of interest occurred until the 27th of September, when the championships of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association took place in Montreal. As they were but two weeks before the Amateur Union championships, the pick of the athletes of the United States were there, anxious to test the mettle of their rivals, whom they were to meet two weeks later. Owen won both sprints from Carey, Westing being absent. M. Remington, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, astonished Downs, by beating him in the quarter-mile run, but Downs won the half handily. George won the mile as was expected, and Conneff beat the American champion Day in the 2-mile run. The hurdle race went to Williams, after he had run a dead heat with Copland in 16 seconds. As Copland had been put back a yard for false starting, he is really entitled to a world's record, as he ran 121 yards over 10 hurdles, 3 feet 6 inches high, in 16 seconds, that being the best time for 120 yards. The result of the meeting was practically the same as last year. Then there were 71 starters in the different events, only 14 being from Canada, and not a championship was won by a Canadian. This year the Canadians had 17 men out of the 76 entered, and again could win none of the 14 championships. In years before the record has been about the same; possibly not quite so bad, but it shows very conclusively that Canadian athletes are by no means the equal of the Americans.

In the Canadian championship meeting two features were interesting, one being the appearance of the team of the Salford Harriers of England, and the other the use of electric timing apparatus. The men of the Salford Harriers were not in condition, and their performances were anything but edifying. They had been off the steamer but a very few days, and it is safe to say that it will be some time before they get into anything like their proper form. There is no question but that they are representative men in their own country, all of them being record holders. One of them, W. H. Morton, has the world's amateur record for running 12 miles, and all distances from 15 miles to 20¼. He made a sorry show against T. P. Conneff in the 2-mile run, being second, but far behind. N. D. Morgan, the 100-yard champion of England, wisely refrained from competing, while G. H. Morris, the middle-distance champion, and E. D. Parry, the steeple-chaser, were by no means equal to their reputation. T. L. Nicholas, the present quarter-mile champion, also competed, but did not finish. The men are improving daily, however, and may yet do themselves justice, although Sidney Thomas, an unbeatable man in England, spent the year 1889 in this country without getting into the front ranks.

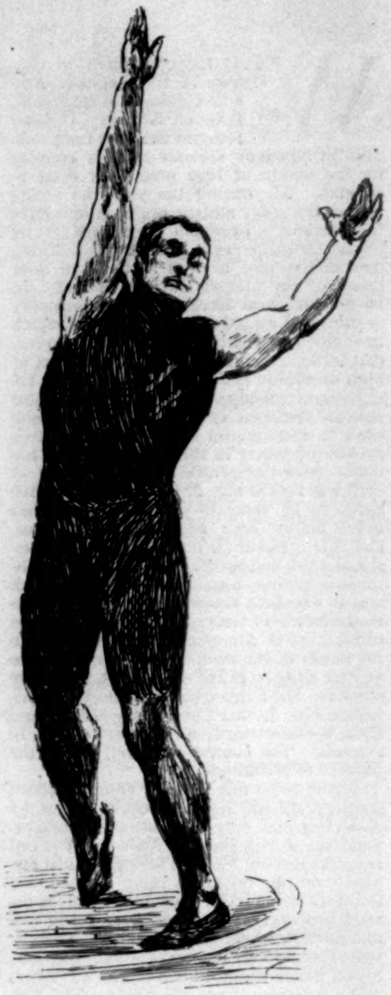
The electric timing of the races was a novelty, and opportunity was given for comparison with the ordinary stop-watch timing. In nearly every race there was about the same difference between it and the watches, the electric time averaging from one-tenth to two-tenths of a second slower. The absolute accuracy of this method should result in its adoption on all of the athletic tracks of this country; a few minor changes are necessary, however, at the finish line. The electric clock is set going by the fire of the starter's pistol, which certainly cannot be improved upon. At the finish the tape is rarely tight enough for it to break the instant the runner touches it. Sometimes it will give several inches before it parts; and although even under these circumstances it is more accurate than stop-watches in the hands of most experienced men, it would be as well to leave nothing undone to bring the system to absolute perfection. The only great difference between the two systems was in the hurdle race in the first heat, half a second slower being the record of the electric apparatus; but as the watch-holders did not see the start they were undoubtedly wrong. The athletic club in the United States which is first to adopt this system will take an important step in the right direction; and although even time in the sprint races where it is used may be made, it is exceedingly doubtful if either 9⅘ seconds in the 100 yards, or 21⅘ seconds in the 220 yards, will be registered for some time to come.



THE TUG OF WAR.

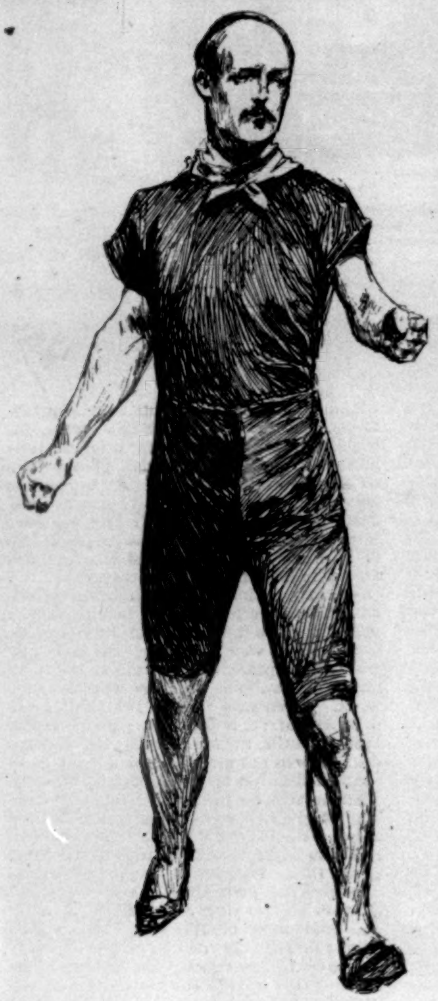
The New York Athletic Club games rank next in importance to the three great championships. This year they came between the Canadian and the United States meetings. The contests were all from the scratch, and, as a consequence, the best men only competed. As is his custom, George R. Gray, of the New York Club, broke a shot record, putting the 12-pound sphere 53 feet 11 inches, nearly two feet beyond the best previous record. The games were the forty-fifth given by this the oldest club in America, and admission was only by invitation, this being the custom of the club. The remaining games of the year are few in number. On November 1st the Manhattan Athletic Club and the Salford Harriers will hold joint games in the New Madison Square Garden; and on November 4th the junior team race of the National Cross-country Association will take place at Morris Park, New York; on the same day there will be a handicap cross-country run for individual prizes. In Boston, the games of the Boston Athletic Association will come off October 29th, and good sport is likely to be seen there. During the winter the different city regiments will have handicap games in the armories, and many have been scheduled.

With the coming spring the Amateur Athletic Union will undergo a complete reorganization. As it now contains nearly all of the amateur athletic clubs of the United States, it has become unwieldy, and a plan has been devised for separating it into districts on the scheme proposed by A. G. Mills, of the New York Athletic Club. The annual meeting of the union was held in Washington on October 11th, and then it was decided to reorganize early in March next. The main features of the plan are, in the words of its author (Mr. Mills): "First, the absolute control by the clubs of their internal affairs, including terms and other qualifications of membership, divested of any form of paternal government by the central body. Second, a compact association devoted to the welfare of the clubs composing it, its government consisting of laws enacted by the clubs, administered by agents of its own selection. Third, a central body consisting of an equal number of representatives from each active and from each allied association member, whose functions, while narrow and restricted executively, are supreme judicially." In the future the union will consist of allied and active members—the allied members being associations of like character; the active members being the four divisions of the present union. The Board of Governors of the union will consist of two delegates from each active member and one from each allied member, and they will have the same powers as the present board. Each active member will have its own Board of Managers, elected by the clubs forming it. Thus, instead of having one Board of Governors controlling all the clubs in the United States, as in the past, each division of the union will have its own board and its own set of championship meetings, with a general gathering once in each year. By this means the complaints of the smaller clubs of non-representation on the Board of Managers will be met, and each will have its say in the general management of athletic affairs.

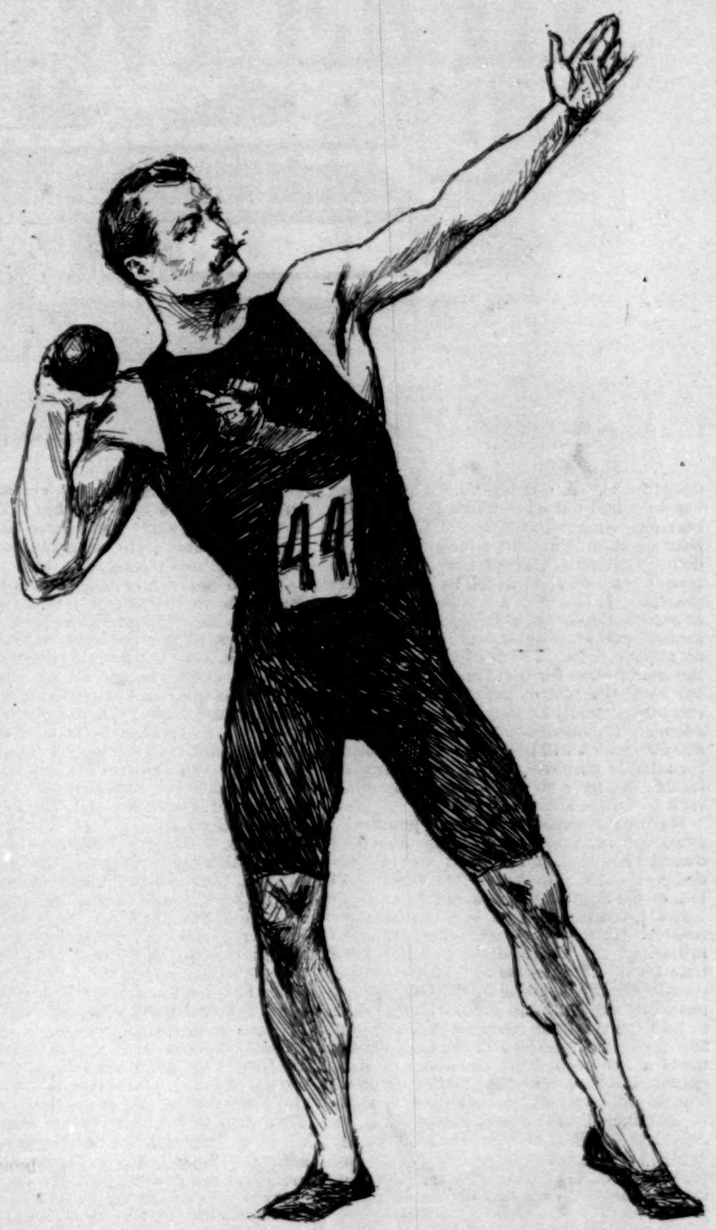


C. A. J. QUECKBERNER THROWING 56-POUND WEIGHT 32 FEET, 10 INCHES.

There is hardly a sport in the United States which the union does not assume jurisdiction over. They make rules for all kinds of outdoor exercise, and the opportunities for doing good are enormous, and as nearly all of the amateur athletic clubs in America will be members, it will be in the power of the union to compel every athlete to join it. It has made mistakes in the past, and probably will in the future. Some abuses it has remedied; some it has not. The men composing the present Board of Governors are men with great fondness for athletic sports, and who undoubtedly have the interest of athletes at heart, and it is safe to say that they can be trusted with the great power in the future. One thing in particular they should give their attention to. Nothing in the laws of the union in the past, nor in the new laws for the future, refers to the bad habit some clubs have of advertising the appearance of certain prominent athletes who have no intention of appearing. Time and again in the past have programmes contained the names of champions who have not competed. Hundreds of people have attended games for the sole purpose of seeing Dohm, Downs, Carey, Westing, Owen, and other great men in their respective sports compete. The names of these men have been on the programme, but they have



CHAMPION F. P. MURRAY ON THE 3-MILE WALK—RECORD 21 MINUTES, 9½ SECONDS.



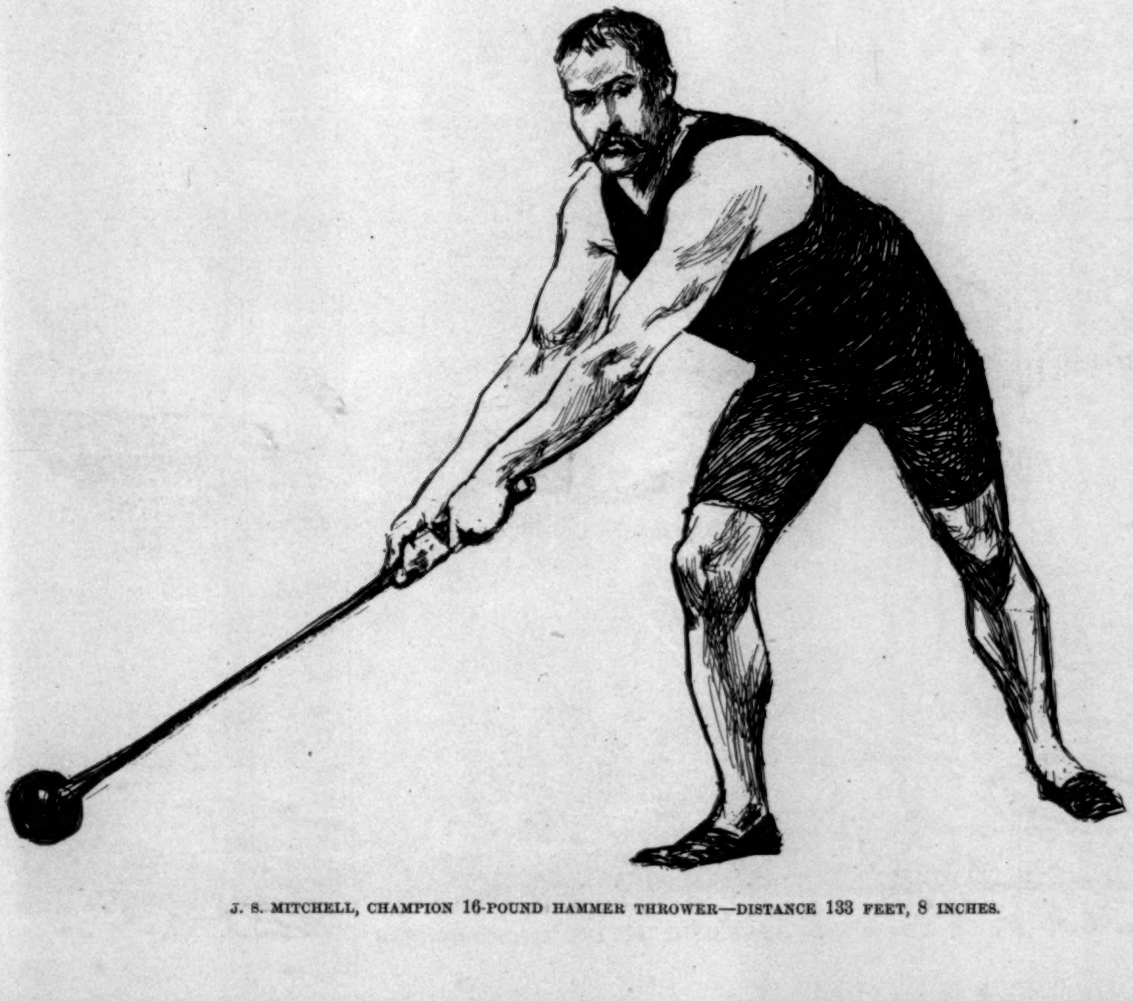
CHAMPION G. R. GRAY PUTTING THE 16-POUND SHOT—DISTANCE 46 FEET 2½ INCHES.

not appeared on the track. No excuse of any kind is even offered by the management, and this thing has hurt athletics not a little. It is true that club officials cannot be expected to control the actions of athletes outside of their own clubs; but some arrangement can certainly be arrived at by which it may be known whether the prominent athletes entered have any intention of appearing. It has been the custom of the athletic clubs to enter their men without knowing whether they were in condition or not. It would be a very simple matter to find out which men will run, and enter only those.

Another question which is exciting much attention among athletes is the payment of expenses. The larger clubs not only pay the travelling expenses of their athletes who attend games throughout the country, but they also pay the training expenses of their men, and abuses too often creep in. One club, the Staten Island, a year ago passed a resolution declining to pay the expenses of its athletes to any meetings except those for the championship. The managers of the club knew perfectly well that by doing this their athletes would leave them to join clubs which would pay expenses. The result was shown in the championship meeting, when this club was unrepresented, while its former athletes competed under the colors of other clubs. A proposition has been made by one of the members of the Board of Governors of the Amateur Athletic Union to make this rule apply to all clubs. Could it be done, it would be a most excellent arrangement; but the rivalry of the clubs is so great that such a law would be evaded, and it is doubtful if its enforcement would be a good thing. There has been a distinct improvement in the matter of prizes this year, although they are yet in some instances too valuable. There is no reason why the clubs composing the Amateur Athletic Union should not be content to give to the winners at their separate meetings medals such as represent the championship. Athletes appear to be satisfied with them. When a club offers gold watches, diamond pins, and the like, as an inducement for the "cracks" to compete, it is making altogether too much a business of athletics. This custom of giving valuable prizes has come up in the past few years, and should be forbidden.

It is doubtful if the proposed prohibition of banners, cups, etc., for the club winning the greatest number of points at any meeting will stop the intense rivalry which exists between clubs. In New York city the contest between the New York and Manhattan Athletic clubs for supremacy will probably continue as long as the union does. Each desires to be the leading club, and neither will leave anything undone to put itself in that position. The New York Club had the finest club-house in the city. When it was built, it was a model in its way. Then the Manhattan Club built its house, which was far better than that of the New York's. The New Yorks secured Travers Island for grounds, laid out a beautiful track, built a country club-house, and rested on its laurels. The Manhattan Athletic Club will do the same thing, and in a short time will probably take possession of Berrian Island, which is in Bowery Bay, Long Island. There they will build a fine club-house, stables, tracks, and boat-houses, which will be much nearer New York city than the Travers Island. The rivalry between the clubs does not stop with club-houses and grounds. Each reaches out far and near to bring promising young athletes into its fold, and unless some legislation is had by the union on this subject, these two clubs will contain all the athletes of any prominence within 200 miles of New York city. It is a bad thing for athletics for any club or clubs to monopolize the champions. If the managers were to recognize this fact, it would be better for all concerned.

It is entirely probable that an attempt will be made, after the reorganization of the union, to overcome the desire on the part of the larger clubs to absorb all prominent athletes. The union has already considered a resolution to forbid athletes joining any club which is more than 100 miles from their homes. The intention of the maker of this resolution was good, but he did not go far enough. The limit is too large. To set it at 25 miles would seem to be better. The adoption of such a rule would be difficult, as it would prevent the New York clubs from electing the prominent athletes of Princeton and Yale, and would give the Boston clubs an opportunity to secure the "cracks" developed at Harvard. After all, there is no reason why athletes at college should run under the colors of any organization except those of their college during the time they are students. College students certainly cannot complain of lack of facilities for practice. Harvard and Yale have had for some time excellent tracks convenient to the college. Early this spring Princeton began to use its new track, which is complete in every part. A little complaint was made at first about bad measurement that has since been remedied. Cornell has nearly completed its new track in its 9-acre field, and has every facility for practising out-door sport of all



J. S. MITCHELL, CHAMPION 16-POUND HAMMER THROWER—DISTANCE 133 FEET, 8 INCHES.